JOHN BULL, SEPTEMBER 19, 1925 Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage in U.K. or Abroad, 1d.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXVIII. No. 1007. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19 1925. TWOPENCE.

Sterling RADIO
That sounds good!

A 10/6 GIFT for YOU AND YOUR FRIEND
Pages 12 & 21

AMERY DISHONOURS BRITAIN

Stops Indigestion within Two Minutes

Nine times out of ten Indigestion or Stomach Trouble is due to acidity and fermentation. 'Bisurated' Magnesia *instantly* neutralises the harmful acidity, banishes the fermentation, soothes and protects the inflamed stomach lining and so makes you well. With the help of 'Bisurated' Magnesia, even the worst dyspeptic can eat whatever he or she fancies, without distress to follow.

'BISURATED' MAGNESIA

The World's Greatest Remedy for Indigestion

SOLD BY CHEMISTS EVERYWHERE IN POWDER AND TABLETS PRICE 1/3d.

PSORIASIS
ECZEMA, BAD LEGS
and all scaly skin diseases are quickly cured by Exeter Herbal Treatment. Many other means have failed, but this will relieve. Every case treated individually with an assurance of healing every sufferer. Send postcard for "FREE BOOK" sent under plain cover.
J. ROBINSON & SON, 14, Forster Square, BRADFORD.

SUPPLEMENT your INCOME
by taking up agency for our magnificent Private Xmas Cards. Free Sample Book. No outlay. Either sex can earn £5 to £20 a season. Our productions are so beautiful they sell at sight. Most generous terms of remuneration. Apply Denton & Co., Dept. D.15, Accrington. A firm with a reputation.

100,000 Rugs
GIVEN AWAY.
This Phenomenal Offer is made to the readers of "John Bull," 19.9.25. On receipt of Postal Order for we will forward direct from our Looms to your address one of our "Prudential" Bungalow **12/6**
Real Seamless Woven
Guaranteed Genuine Bargains
CARPETS
Suitable for Drawing-room, Dining-room, Bedroom, etc., handsomely bordered in thirty Turkey patterns and fashionable self-shades of Crimson, Green, Blue and Art Colourings, to suit all requirements and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room

These Carpets with FREE RUGS will be sent out as samples. Carpets, showing you the identical quality we supply. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own, can only be obtained direct from our Looms, thus saving the purchaser all middle profits. Over 600,000 sold during the past 18 months. Money willingly returned if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Unsolicited Testimonials received. With every carpet we shall absolutely give away a very handsome rug to match. Gigantic Illustrated Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Hearthrugs, Bedsteads, Bedding, Table Linens, Curtains, etc., post free, mentioning "John Bull," 19/9/25, when writing. Established over Half a Century.
F. HODGSON & SONS (Dept. J.B.), Woodsley Rd Sidy of Lincln.

Small Ads. that Sell Everything SEE PAGE 1

Catesby LINO Offer
Every house-proud woman should know it is possible to obtain Catesbys Cork Lino—the ideal floor covering—at exceptionally moderate cash terms or by easy small payments. It is to your interest to write for patterns and prices at once to Dept. K 19,
CATESBYS, LTD., LONDON, W.1.

NO OPERATIONS should be permitted
on rupture before reading my booklet—FREE on receipt of 1½d. for postage. Cripples, Adenoids, Tumours and respiratory diseases can be successfully treated by my Method. Consultations daily. Fees Moderate. Send for Advice by post.
Lt.-Col. Kynaston C.B., C.M.G., M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.
Room 2, Loddiges House, Regent St., London, W.1.

Another Bathing Tragedy

JOHN BULL PAYS £250 TO WIDOW

STILL another Bathing Tragedy. Mr. Geo. Lilley, 2, John Street, Maredon Colliery, Co. Durham, was bathing with some friends when he got beyond his depth, and notwithstanding the frantic efforts to save him, life was extinct when they brought him to shore. The little heap of clothes on the beach bore silent witness to the fact the treacherous ocean had claimed yet another victim.

The only ray of comfort that came to the bereaved widow was that Mr. Lilley had taken the precaution to register for "JOHN BULL'S" Free Insurance Gift. "JOHN BULL" has therefore forwarded to Mrs. Lilley a cheque for £250.

ACCIDENTS—FIRE—STORMS—SICKNESS . . . . "JOHN BULL'S" Free Insurance covers them all. Sign now!

"CUT HERE."
POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."
To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.
Reader's Name ..... Age ...
in full (CAPITAL LETTERS.)
Address .....
Reader's Signature .....
Name and Address of Newsagent .....
Date .....
Unstd. stamp. Don't post envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent on receipt of 1d. stamped addressed envelope.
PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. 19/9/25.

"CUT HERE."
HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.
To (Name of Newsagent) .....
Address .....
Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.
Signature .....
Address .....
Date .....
PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. 19/9/25.

Cash the Coupons
"JOHN BULL'S" WONDERFUL OFFER.
Here is a wonderful opportunity to own the famous "John Bull" 5/- Pen and pocket a shilling, and, in addition, get a 2/6 Everpointed Pencil FREE!

The Pen is fitted with 14-ct. solid gold nib, iridium tipped, and safety cap. Guaranteed 2 years.

SEE WHAT YOU GET!
(1) The 5/- "John Bull" Lever Self-Filling Pen, equal to pens costing Half-a-Guinea. (2) 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil, complete with re-fills FREE!
Usual price 5/- —WITH SIX COUPONS— 4/- only.

(A. 24.) JOHN BULL
PEN COUPON—VALUE 5d.
This Coupon will be accepted as 5d. in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- Lever Self-Filling Pen, with which is presented FREE a 2/6 Everpointed Pencil. Additional Coupons in any number up to five (six in all), ANY DATES, may be cut from "John Bull," and will be accepted in part payment. Thus you may send six Coupons and p.o. for 4/3 (which includes postage and insurance). Pocket Clip, 3d. extra. Cross cheque/p.o. "& Co.," and make payable to "John Bull." State if fine—medium—broad nib required. JOHN BULL, Pen Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

What Gift would you Choose for Your Baby?

LIKE every other mother you would choose HEALTH above all. But what if you could add WEALTH to HEALTH?

Mothers! Nestlé's now give you the chance to secure both of these great gifts, and give your baby a glorious start in life!

HEALTH, because Nestlé's Milk is a pure, wholesome and easily digested food—a food with all the life-giving vitamins and cream. This, in itself, should induce you to feed baby on Nestlé's.

And baby's chance of WEALTH is in Nestlé's Competition. Each tin of Nestlé's bears a coupon. Collect twelve coupons and you secure a free entrance ticket for a simple and interesting competition in which over 1,500 Cash Prizes are to be won.

First Prize £2,000. Second Prize £1,000. Third Prize £500, and many others of smaller value.

How wonderful if you were to win £2,000 for baby! Buy Nestlé's to-day, and ask your grocer for details of the competition, or send postcard to:

NESTLE'S

Dept. T.

6-8, EASTCHEAP, E.C.3.

A Coupon is on every tin of Nestlé's Milk, Ideal Milk, Nestlé's Evaporated Milk, Nestlé's Café-au-Lait and Nestlé's Cream.

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GRAVES SAVE YOU POUNDS

Every Lady should write at once for the Graves Display of BARGAINS IN COATS & WRAPS.

The keenest prices in the trade. Every garment distinctive in style, dependable in quality, and warranted to be of the best make.

UNSURPASSED VALUE.

WE DELIVER Coats and Wraps to approved orders on receipt of small payment. Balance monthly, if satisfied. Money back if you are in any way disappointed.

Write for Patterns and styles of Coats, Wraps, Costumes, Robes, &c. Post Free. State which you require.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. Sheff old.

From 5/ monthly

O'Brien Gramophones

Now for the Music

From 1/9 Weekly WITH RECORDS

My free lists only want seeing, and you will not buy elsewhere. Small deposit gets any horn or hornless model by return on 14 DAYS' APPROVAL. PACKED FREE AND CARRIAGE PAID. Refunded if dissatisfied.

Write at once for free lists. I am one of the oldest advertisers in this paper.

Chas. O'Brien Ltd. THE WORLD'S LARGEST HORN DEALER. DEPT 24 COVENTRY.

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The SARTOR wearer always looks smart and is always proof against the worst weather. A SARTOR Raincoat wears well. YOU MUST BUY A GOOD RAINCOAT SOME TIME, then why not buy a SARTOR now?

PRICES FROM 20/-

SEND NO MONEY

Just send a postcard for FREE PATTERNS, STYLE BOOK, and an ACCURATE SELF-MEASUREMENT FORM. Then order the style and size you require on the GUARANTEE—that if you are not in every way delighted with your purchase your money will be returned at once without question. YOUR SARTOR, expertly tailored from specially proofed Gabardine, with smart check lining, will last for years and years.

Carriage Paid in the British Isles.

SARTOR RAINCOATS (For Ladies, Maids, Gents. and Youths).

SARTOR MANUFACTURING CO. (Dept. J.), 53, Oxford Rd., Manchester.

Visit our London Showrooms:—220, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, W.1. *(First Floor).*

Keep your boys at home

You can have your own billiard table by sending a P.O. for 14/-

Think what a Riley "Home" Billiard Table would mean in your home during the long Winter evenings, and send a postal order to-night. You will receive the popular size 6 ft. "Home" Billiard Table (Cash Price £11 15s. 0d.) to rest on your dining table, carriage paid and in free packing case. The balance you pay monthly while you play. Other sizes are shown opposite.

RILEY'S "HOME" BILLIARD TABLES are built on the same principle as the famous Riley's Full-size Tables, and yield a perfect game. These are the various sizes:

4 ft. 4 in. x 2 ft. 4 in.	£7 0s.	or in 18 monthly payments of	8/6
5 ft. 4 in. x 2 ft. 10 in.	£9 0s.		11/-
6 ft. 4 in. x 3 ft. 4 in.	£11 15s.		14/-
7 ft. 4 in. x 3 ft. 10 in.	£15 0s.		18/-
8 ft. 4 in. x 4 ft. 4 in.	£21 10s.		26/-

RILEY'S "COMBINE" BILLIARD and DINING TABLES. Perfect in every detail. Easily adjusted in a few seconds. Supplied in any shade to match your furniture. Cash prices from £12 10s. or in 12 or 20 monthly payments.

7 Days' Free Trial Given.

Riley's are the well-known makers of large tables for Hotel, Club, Institute, etc. Write for particulars. Also Repairs and Accessories.

E. J. RILEY, LTD., ANSON WORKS, ACCRINGTON

And at (Dept. 20), 147, Aldersgate Street, E.C.

P6

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Write your name and address in block letters. Give exact description of goods required. Send Money and Treasury Notes by registered post. Always mention JOHN BULL.

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A Perfect Postal Service for Bargain-Hunters.

YOUR PROTECTION.
The JOHN BULL guarantee covers all offers in this section. You can send your money as safely as buying across a store counter, so post your order to-day.

PAY FOR YOUR NEW SUIT AS YOU WEAR IT

Gent's Suits made to measure in the latest styles of cloth, perfectly tailored. Pay 10/- down and the rest in easy monthly instalments, until you have paid in all **59/6**

Before placing your order elsewhere write for Patterns, Catalogue and simple Self-measurement Form.

J. B. THORNE & Co
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12 PAIRS MEN'S SOCKS POST FREE 6/6

The Biggest Bargain of the Year! Early application imperative, as huge demand certain. Each dozen pairs includes Black, Blue, Brown, etc. Thoroughly well made and amazing value for money. Made to sell at two or three times this price. Send P.O. now, stating size of boot worn. Satisfaction or money back.

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LISLE RADIO "SUPER II"

2-VALVE SET COMPLETE.

ONLY **12/6** DOWN and 12/6 per month for 12 months.
OR £5 12s. 6d. CASH (Carriage Paid).

2-VALVE SET, £9 10s. 4-VALVE SET, £12 10s. including Valves, Coils, H.T. Battery, Accumulator, Aerial Equipment and LOUD SPEAKER OR TWO PAIRS ADJUSTABLE HEADPHONES.

CRYSTAL SET sloping Mah. Cabinets **10/-**
or complete with PAIR ADJUSTABLE HEADPHONES AERIAL EQUIPMENT, .0005 COIL AND HOLDER for **£1:1:0**
carriage paid.

Easy Payments arranged. Write for full particulars.

THE LISLE RADIO Co.,
37, Lisle Street, Leicester Sq., W.C.2.
'Phone: Regent 1661.

COMPLETE WIRELESS INSTALLATION for 2/- PAY 2d. A DAY WHILE LISTENING-IN.

So confident are we that you will be perfectly satisfied with your dealings with us, that we make the following unprecedented offer.

On receipt of 2/- we will send you our Super-Crystal Set (as shown), complete with a pair of Imperial Excelsior Headphones, 4,000 ohms, admitted by thousands of satisfied customers to be the best ever heard. If completely satisfied, you send a further 2/- on receipt of set, and then 6 monthly payments of 2/6, or 23/- cash in 7 days. If Permanently required, you send 1/- and 1/6 on receipt and 6 monthly payments of 2/6, or 19/6 cash in 7 days.

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THE WIRELESS DISTRIBUTING CO., LTD. (Dept. J.B.),
WIRELESS HOUSE, STOKE NEWINGTON, N.16.

THE STANDARD LEVER CO.

Send To-day.

7 Days' Trial. Examined by "John Bull" and declared money value.

A GENUINE STANDARD LEVER WATCH, WITH A 10 YEARS' GUARANTEE.

These Watches, made specially for The Standard Lever Co., are sturdily built of the finest materials, to give a lifetime's accurate timekeeping service and are jewelled throughout with 15 Garnet jewels. The cases are exceptionally strong and yet neat, fitted with double dustproof dome backs, and are made in gunmetal, or solid white metal (state which required). Every watch carefully tested and warranted perfect. Price, for cash only 29/- post free. Money refunded if not satisfied. Cheques, P.O.'s, etc., should be crossed and made payable to "STANDARD LEVER CO." 121, Bloomsbury Street, Birmingham.

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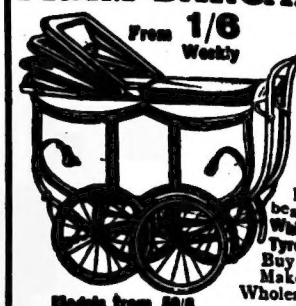
We will send you ON APPROVAL Packed free and Carriage Paid any one of our lovely world famous



From **1/6** Weekly

PRAMS

Large & roomy, beautifully finished White Rims 30 inch Tyres, cycle wheels. Buy direct from Makers and save all Wholesale and Retail profits.

Models from 30/6

Write or Call for CATALOGUE NOW.

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SAMPLES FREE

FLOOR COVERING

Thicker than Linoleum.
THE BEST IN THE WORLD.
Waterproof, Rotproof and Sanitary
For either Brick, Stone, Concrete or Wood Floors.

Being stainless, a damp cloth is all that is required to clean it. Supplied in rolls containing 60 square feet for £1. 120 square feet £2. Longer lengths pro rata.

ALL ROLLS ARE TWO YARDS WIDE.
The only floor covering made that can be used on either wood or damp stone floors. Send for free samples of the actual material and admire the exclusive designs and beautiful finish—the work of the master craftsman

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SEND FOR ONE TO-DAY

Creases like a Tailors Iron!

The "EXO" TROUSER STRETCHER
(Patented.)

Simple, Efficient, Compact. The most inexpensive press yet invented. All metal. Folds up for travelling. Restores shapeliness to baggy trousers. A BOON to travellers and all men who must look smart. Will last a lifetime and give better service than a two guinea press. The Exo Specialities Co.

9/6 POST FREE

20/24 Charterhouse Chambers, Charterhouse St., London, E.C.1.

WHITEST SHEETS IN THE WORLD

COST LESS—WASH WHITER—WEAR LONGER
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14 Days' "Wash and Use" Guarantee.

BLEACHED and HEMMED. Plain or Twill.

2 x 2½ yards	.. ..	9/6, 12/6 and 15/6 pair
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Direct from Factory.

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Write for fully Illustrated free Catalogue showing all latest models.

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SEND NO MONEY but write for Post Free Pattern Book of Casement Curtaining, Guaranteed, Coloured Cloths, Cretonnes, etc.

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8½ PER YD. BOTH SIDES

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LUDLOWS F 20 The Looms, Bradford

Ladies' or Gents' 21/-

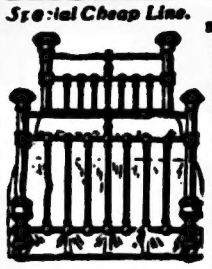
TRENCH COATS 12/9

Navy or Fawn, Double Breasted Trench Coats, rubber check lined, loose belt, buckle, ventilated tab, cuffs, comfortable, easy fitting. Stock sizes. Gentlemen: 34 to 42 ins. chest over vest; Ladies' sizes: 44, 46, 48 and 50 ins. length. Sent on approval P.O. 12/9 and 9d. postage.

Officers' Genuine 4-in-1
TRENCH COATS Fawn or Navy **32/6**
Fine outside Twill material, interlined Oilskin, Check Lined and Detachable Wool Lining. 34 to 42 chest. Fawn and Navy. Postage 1/-. THOMPSON'S (Dept. 30), 169, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2.

WONDERFUL BEDSTEAD BARGAINS

Special Cheap Line. *Guaranteed.*



Bedstead, full size, complete with new bedding. Brass or Straight Brass Top Rods, Enamel Rods, Sanitary Spring Mattress, Wool Overlay, Bolster and Pillows. THE LOT

£3.19.6

COMPLETE

2,000 *Beautiful Bedsteads, all sizes, in Metal or Wood, now on view.*

LISTS FREE.

Direct from the Factory to your door, or carefully packed free, delivered on rail.

THE WESTMINSTER BEDSTEAD WORKS,
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Celebrated

SPARE TIME AGENCY

CASH OR CREDIT

Boots, Gent's and Ladies' Clothing, Suits, Coats, Costumes & Underwear, Carpets, Lino, Drapery, Gramophones, Wireless, Bicycles, Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, China, Toys, Baby Carriages, etc.

Men to regular employment appointed as Agents.

Largest stock in the trade. Liberal supply of samples. Highest Commission paid.

NO OUTLAY. ALL PROFIT. Enquiries for Agency list of

LAVENDER HILL, LONDON.

FLOORCOVERINGS

Thicker than Cork Lino. Damp proof, Rotproof and Sanitary. Suitable for Wood, Stone, Brick and Concrete Floors. Lays flat without any fastening.

Per **2/-** Sq. Yd. Carr. Paid.

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLES.

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Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

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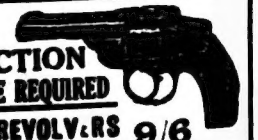

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Exact replica of real revolver converted to Fire Blank Cartridges only. Will scare away burglars, tramps, dogs, &c., and is useful for Theatricals, Sports Meetings, &c. Easily carried in pocket or lady's handbag.

6 CHAMBER, Blued Steel or Nickel	9/6 post free
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Hammerless 6 CHAMBER	15/6 " "
Large size 10 CHAMBER, Blued Steel or Nickel, Extra heavy pattern	17/6 " "

Special Lead Cartridges 1/6 per 100. Carriage on Cartridges 9d. any quantity.

Illustrated Catalogue free on request.

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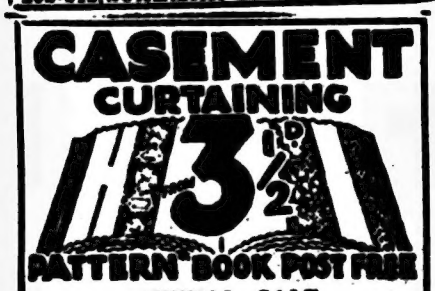

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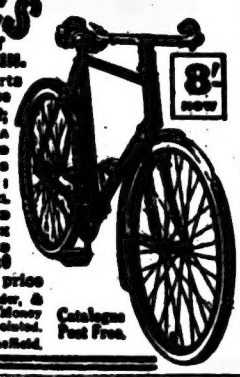
WORLD'S GREATEST CYCLE BARGAIN.



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HUTCHINSON'S EXTRA PARA SUPER CORD TYRES; COVENTRY 5 SPIRES CHAIN; MIDDLEMORE'S D-COIL SADDLE; CORLETTISED FRAME; ALL BLACK FINISH IN DETAIL & full equipment. £12.12.0
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Terms, 6d. with order, & balance 6d. monthly. Money refunded if not all done pleased.

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Catalogue Post Free.

Yours for 20/-

Send 20/- to-day, together with your order for the "Tonyphone," and this wonderful set, which receives all B.B.C. Stations, will be sent on approval, complete with all accessories. You pay a further £1 each month afterwards until completed.

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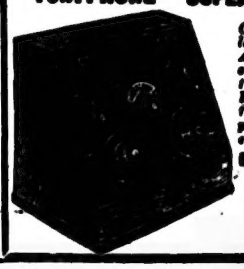

Complete with Accumulator, H.T. Battery, Aerial, 1 pair 4,000 ohm Headphones, and two Valves—one High Frequency and one Detector. All Royalties paid. Send to-day and enjoy broadcasting now

British Engineering Products Co. (Manufacturers' Depôt), Windsor House, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.

OAK BED-SETTEE

20/- secures immediate delivery

Size when extended 6 ft. 2 in. by 4 ft. 6 in.

Polished antique brown, upholstered any colour corduroy velvet. Wire spring mattress & box for bedlinen.

£9.15.0

Delivered for first payment 20/- balance 10/- monthly

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DO YOU ADVERTISE? Your advertisement inserted in 56 Provincial or London and Suburban Newspapers, 7/10; 25 country, 2/6. Covering Wales, 3/8. Many others. Prospectus free. —Central Press Series Dept. 60), 190, Strand, London.

BUILD up a Mail Order Business without buying stock. Scheme endorsed by authorities. —Write, Noble Bros., Pelham St., Nottingham.

START a Business in Drapery, etc., from £1 upwards. Special attention to Widows and Beginners. Write for advice and list H.—Levaine (Dept. J.B.), 143, Houndsditch, E.1.

3,000 MONEY-SAVING BARGAINS illustrated in H. Samuel's world-famous big Free Book. Yours for a postcard! Write for it now! It's packed with sensational offers in Jewellery, Watches and Plate at factory prices. Free prices for all buyers! Solid Gold Bracelet Watches, largest selection in the country, from 29/6. Pocket Lever, 10/6. Plated Cake Basket, 5/11. Stainless Tea Knives, coloured handles, 4/11. Full month's trial any article. Write to day.—H. SAMUEL, LTD. (established 100 years), 199, Market Street, Manchester.

CHINA for Households, Churches, Schools, Institutions, Caterers, at factory prices; 21 years' reputation; catalogue free.—Century Pottery, Ltd., Dept. 120, Burslem, Staffs. Est. 1903.

MAGIC Tricks. Parcels 2/6, 5/-. Ventriloquist Instruments imitate Birds, 6d. each; 4 for 1s. —Harrison, 239, Pentonville Road, London, N.1.

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by Naunton's National Musical System.

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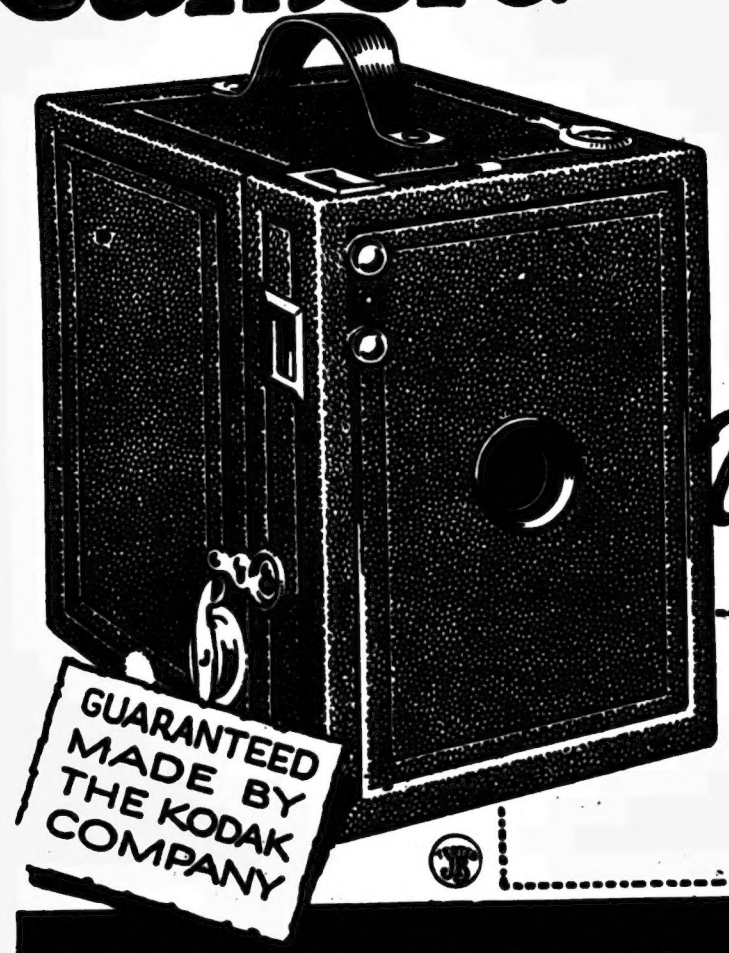

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Week ending Saturday, Sept. 19, 1925. Twopence. Vol. XXXVIII. No. 1,007.

JOHN BULL

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The Paper on which the Sun never Sets.

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The Haunted Vicarage ... ... p. 12
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Fear—the Birth Controller, by Sir William Beach Thomas ... p. 15

The WORLD, *the* FLESH *& the* DEVIL

Speeding Up.

Mr. Baldwin at Aix-les-Bains walked his guardian detectives off their legs. It is up to him now to set the pace in the Cabinet.

To Work !

It is time certain Ministers got back to their jobs. Three months' freedom from Parliamentary heckling is bad for any Government. The lethargy that falls on Whitehall when Parliament rises in the summer has to be seen to be believed.

For May Delivery.

The idea that the Coal Commission cannot report within the subsidy period is intentionally mischievous. If the Government has not an adequate measure before the country by next May there will be serious trouble.

Experts Wanted.

The Commission should include at least one member with a practical knowledge of mining. The public wants suggestions for increasing the efficiency of the mines—not only a report on wages.

Big and Bold.

The coal and iron crisis has been as sharp in Germany as here, but the industrial magnates there don't need a Royal Commission to set their house in order. The amalgamation of Krupps with four other groups into a £40,000,000 concern means cutting out inefficiency.

Too Many Webs.

The negotiations for a supplementary European peace may fairly be described so far as juggling in a jungle. If Mr. Austen Chamberlain can get from the coming conference of foreign Ministers one document as to the meaning of which all Parties are agreed it will be a triumph.

Misusing the Axe.

Having increased unemployment by the closing of the Rosyth and Pembroke dockyards, when is Mr. Bridgeman going to use the axe at headquarters? We have fewer ships and sailors than before the War, but many hundreds more Admiralty officials.

Townships in Despair.

In any case, why train the economy guns on Rosyth and Pembroke without regard for either human life or the public purse? The dockyards there are up to date, newly equipped at the cost of many millions of pounds provided by taxpayers. Even Krupps' was able to turn hell machinery to peace time use. Here we scrap it and hang the consequences.

Letting Loose Plague.

The Ministry of Agriculture has cut down its "rat staff" to one man and closed down the self-supporting laboratory for making raticides. This official lead is followed by local authorities, with the result that everywhere the vermin menace is intensified.

Rats !

£70,000,000 worth of food is eaten by rats every year in this country. There are as many rats as people. One pair will have 360,000,000 descendants in three years if none is killed off. Such facts give urgency to the campaign of destruction planned for November 1.

Sauce For the Goose.

Wriggling on the debt question, M. Caillaux asks if France is expected "to refund the money which she borrowed to pay for the uniforms in which her soldiers died." We had to pay France £40,000,000 a year rent for the trenches in which *our* soldiers died.

Tailors and Tailoresses.

There can be only sympathy with the clothing trades resolution passed at Scarborough. It aims to secure abolition of home working and out working in the industry. Clothing must be manufactured only where inspection is possible and hygiene beyond reproach.

Does Anfery Know ?

France and Spain will soon have 200,000 troops trying to round up 60,000 tribesmen in Morocco. In the case of trouble over Mesopotamia how many men would we need on the Tigris to tackle ten times as many mountaineers ?

Don't Forget the Cottage.

The Ministry of Agriculture promise a Bill next year to promote "cottage holdings" for agricultural labourers. Let them take care it provides the cottage as well as the land.

Significant.

In America coal-miners' wages are more than four times greater than our own, and coal production per man is also four times as much. It gives the lie to wage reduction as the short cut to resettlement of Britain's coal industry.

Wales Benefits.

Since the strike of hard coal miners in U.S.A. the Dominion Fuel Board has urged the use of Welsh anthracite. Canada's fine response is a bright spot in the coal outlook. She is taking Welsh products in ever-increasing quantities.

The Housewife's Basket.

The position in South Africa goes from bad to worse; 2,300 seamen are on strike at the ports, while large shiploads of perishable fruit lie ready to rot. In this country outrageous prices for inferior stuff are asked in consequence. Crushed between the upper and nether millstones the consumer must pay for the lot.

Buck Up, Scotland Yard.

The increasing number of successful criminal escapes after crimes of violence is intolerable. A country constable plodding his beat is no match for flash crooks who dash up in motor-cars to the scene of operations, and with equal rapidity make a getaway. Equip the police with similar modern appliances and we may see some captures.

Getting Away With It.

Selson's, Ltd., after much pow-wow, persuaded a Polish firm to send representatives to view British factories. As a result contracts for nearly £75,000 worth of motor machine tool equipment are placed in this country. With other such deals to follow it's good news for the unemployed.

Put It In Paper.

So cheap are the latest machines for packing sweets, groceries, buns and bread in paper that there is no excuse for dirt on these eatables. "Put It In Paper" is our slogan for every baker who wants to increase his trade. Dirty bread is a crime.

The Land Ramp.

Forty acres of land in central London have changed hands at a mammoth price. The value of this important site has been created by the hard work and enterprise of the business community. The profit goes to Lord Howard de Walden. The nation will not much longer tolerate this filching of its rights.

House Leeches.

Some sample figures of the house-farming scandal: By sub-letting "furnished" the non-resident lessee of five houses in Manchester, paying the owner £1 a week each, has been drawing weekly from the occupiers £11 1s. 6d. One family to each room for the most part; vermin and dirt to live with. It's a clear case for the Public Prosecutor.

ANOTHER BATHING TRAGEDY

"JOHN BULL" pays £250

TO WIDOW.

See page 2

The WORLD, the FLESH & the DEVIL

The Church Wreckers.

Richard Ernest Jones, master baker, of Pennygraig, has gone to prison for three months' hard labour for stealing flour. That is his least offence. Greater was the crime of living a double life. He became a well-known lay-preacher and practised piety in the chapel and wickedness in private. It is this kind of hypocrisy that destroys religion.

Brave Old Briton.

Starting work in London at fourteen years of age, Mr. John Large, of Hampton-in-Arden, has had many jobs and gone through many vicissitudes. Now, after his hundredth birthday, he can "still walk his youngsters off their legs." Such cheeriness, after a hundred years of life, is a touch of tonic in a bored and depressed world.

Make Them Insure.

A sinister feature of road fatalities is that some man-killing motorists, or those who have maimed people, have dodged paying compensation by going into bankruptcy. The remedy is that no user of a mechanically driven vehicle be granted a licence unless he produces a policy insuring him against compensation claims. The widows and orphans of men killed on the highways must be protected.

Hoaxing the Homeless.

A joker, with a strange sense of humour, advertised that two unfurnished rooms were to let in Queen's Road, Battersea, with the result that 150 people turned up on a fool's errand, and the police had to be called in to control the crowd. If the funny man who played the trick can be found, it will be a funnier joke if he is pitched out of his home to make room for one of the hoaxed.

Cruelty in the Pit.

A fine of £25 should teach John Nattrass, a miner, aged twenty, that cruelty doesn't pay. This fiendish youth, employed at a pit at Thornley, Durham, bashed a pit pony three times with a pit prop so that the wretched animal fell dead. "It went too fast," was the reason given by Nattrass. He knows now cruelty runs away with his money, and the stiff fine was not a penny too stiff.

Letting in Disease.

We should be very nervous of trading with Albert Colley, of Cowes. Recently at Colley's factory a young employee contracted anthrax and died. Colley has now been fined £6 and £5 5s. costs for not observing the anti-anthrax regulations in dealing with Russian, Siberian and Chinese horsehair. Such neglect is a menace to the health of the community. The Ministry of Health must keep an eye on Colley.

Crowborough Crustiness.

Unmarried men at Crowborough, over twenty-five years of age, have formed a bachelors' club. Members taking ladies to social functions must be chaperoned; if one becomes engaged he is penalised by expulsion and no wedding presents. It's a pity the last generation of Crowborough men didn't share these views. We might then have been spared these fellows.

Big Prices for Little Apples.

Apples have been mysterious ever since Eve picked one to find out things for herself, and to-day the price of some of them is "wropt in mystery." When a Worcester Permain is on a tree it is worth less than a penny, but by the time it reposes in a greengrocery shop it is worth fourpence. It has, of course, to go through Covent Garden first, but the difference in price shows the cost of fruits of doing things on a system.

Holiday Terror.

When John Edgar, a tailor, aged twenty-four, went drunk on to Brighton Pier and fired five revolver shots, the pier-master, Mr. Thomas Lane, showed commendable courage in seizing and handing him to justice. But where do such lunatics get their firearms? The possibilities of armed madmen running amok among holiday-makers is appalling.

How Long, O Lord?

Two German delegates (both war cripples) to the International Peace Congress placed a wreath on the tomb of the French Unknown Soldier, but, following protests, the Prefect of Police ordered its removal. Hats off to French chivalry?

The Thin Edge.

Ratcliffe has achieved the unenviable reputation of initiating a form of brutal sport which has aroused indignation throughout Leicestershire. At a garden fête cockerels were released for chasing by human pursuers. It's only a step back to the old barbarities of cock-fighting. Why don't the local representatives of the R.S.P.C.A. step in?

Brains in Silence.

Wonderful work is being done by teachers at the Northampton School for the Deaf. Five boys who are deaf-mutes have passed the Oxford Local examinations—two in the senior section, one with third-class honours in the junior section, and two ordinary passes. We congratulate these clever boys and also the staff of the school. By courage, diligence and perseverance a severe physical handicap has been conquered.

Peace Prices.

Forty thousand troops are on their war stations, drawing a line from Newbury to Eastleigh. Invoking powers under the Manœuvres Acts, military authorities will close thoroughfares, encroach on private grounds, use civil services, march over crops, break and destroy fences. Compensation officers travel with the troops and assess damages. Then they'll be paid for—according to their valuation—from public funds. Mimic war is a pretty game, isn't it?

The Human Machine

The Better Way

by E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

A FRIEND of mine, whenever he is confronted by an unexpected difficulty, is fond of observing: "There is a way out, but worry won't find it."

As a compressed philosophy of life it takes some beating. It looks on life from the right angle and constitutes a challenge that only spinelessness can shirk.

There is no situation in life so dark, so depressing, so apparently hopeless that has not a bright spot in it somewhere, and it is this bright spot that should be the starting-point for thought, not the mass of gloom that surrounds it.

Worry never yet accomplished anything worth while. It feeds on itself, chases its own tail, drives the mind round in closed circles, and refuses to allow a single gleam of light to enter.

And, after all, what's the use of worrying? There is always to-morrow, with its possibilities and new chances. "Let us make haste to live," said a wise old Roman, "since every day to a wise man is a new life."

THERE is no need even to wait until to-morrow. You never know what the next hour may bring forth. Even the next minute may provide the way out that worry will never find.

Don't you see that all worry really wastes its energy on the unknown? Don't you see that until you know what to-morrow has in store you are wasting your time and energy in worrying?

Much better do some solid thinking, some positive thinking, some constructive planning, so as to be ready to greet the unknown to-morrow with a readiness to turn to advantage whatever may crop up.

Get Busy, Bristol.

Dreadful housing scandals exist in Bristol. In one small six-roomed dwelling thirty-nine people are herded. If the city set to work on slum reconstruction it could absorb its own unemployed and end two problems. Such a move would pay.

A Policeman's Innocence.

P.C. Edgar Parker, of Clerkenwell, is entitled to his "grouse." Because another policeman missed his safety-razor, suspicion fell upon Parker and he was charged with its theft. When the case came before the magistrate it was clear that there was not a shadow of evidence against the accused constable, who was promptly discharged. Such a trumped-up charge ought never to have gone to this dangerous length. P.C. Parker is entitled to a handsome apology.

Limbs and Lucre.

Makers of artificial limbs have not shown a very generous desire to assist disabled ex-Service men. The Ministry of Pensions announces that only two firms out of an original fourteen are willing to continue the supply of these limbs with a guarantee of maintenance and under reasonable conditions as to cost. Naturally, these two firms will obtain future contracts. Business is business, of course, but the attitude of the remaining twelve leaves a nasty taste in the mouth.

In Palace Shades.

A committee set up in connection with the Save the Children Fund report that slums are to be found under the very shadow of Buckingham Palace, where "the children of the poor are often stunted and lacking in stamina." There is nothing startling in this disclosure; but only the constant reiteration of such damning facts will arouse the consciences of the community to the glaring inequalities of our social system. Surely the least we can do is to give the children their chance.

The Right Spirit behind the Uniform.

Officers of the law are apt to forget that justice should be tempered with mercy, but Police-constable Farthing showed a magnanimous spirit at Marylebone Police Court, where a man was brought up for begging. On his arrest he had struck Farthing violently on the mouth, but the policeman remarked that he would like the incident to be forgotten as he thought the man was fed-up and didn't really mean it. Police-constable Farthing is to be congratulated on not letting his uniform dull his humanity.

Good Business.

A real business man is Mr. Henry John Pratt, of Birmingham. Trade was bad and the art metal-workers of the firm were on short time, so Mr. Pratt, instead of sitting and grousing, set out for Australia, New Zealand, Canada, and New York. He got orders wherever he went and cabled them home, so that his factory is on full time. His firm is a small one, but its chief is a big man! With more men like him we should not need to worry about unemployment.

On to the Million!

Slogans of every sort pour in by the hundred. It is very heartening to read their cheery and enthusiastic messages. This week we divide the fiver between Mr. A. E. Bramwell, 7, Paynton Road, Handsworth, Birmingham, for: "JOHN BULL—The Nation's Megaphone"; and Master H. Kinsley, 1, Hinderwell Road, Seamer Road, Scarborough, for: "Read JOHN BULL, and be the millionth backer of the 'Grand National Favourite.'" Master H. Kinsley is only fifteen years old, and we congratulate him on his bright effort. More, please!

Ubique Housing Co.

With reference to this concern, recently criticised in these columns, Mr. R. P. Crowe, solicitor, gives us his personal assurance that his name appeared on the prospectus without his knowledge or consent, and that its publication was not authorised by him in any way.

Unfair to the Prisoner.

The deputy-stipendiary has done well to point photographs in court may interference with the criminal trials the questi often an important one, liable to confuse the recolle familiarity with newspap since the prisoner's arrest. vexed question too often

Magistrate's Mind Made U

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It is time that some o regulations existing in big with, and a little common- stead. The Bristol Fire B forced to remain inactive wi fire because municipal laws fires outside the boundary house was recently burnt d stood and watched, power because the fire was about the Somerset side of the seems incredible that this st exist in an intelligent commu

Unfair to the Prisoner.

The deputy-stipendiary magistrate at Liverpool has done well to point out that the taking of photographs in court may sometimes be a serious interference with the course of justice. In criminal trials the question of identification is often an important one, and nothing is more liable to confuse the recollection of witnesses than familiarity with newspaper photographs taken since the prisoner's arrest. This is an aspect of a vexed question too often overlooked.

Magistrate's Mind Made Up.

When James Bough, one of a gang of young hooligans who go about terrorising inhabitants of Notting Hill, was sentenced to one month's hard for knocking down, kicking and battering Henry Horace Spittle for being unable to supply him with a smoke, Mr. Ratcliffe Cousins, the magistrate at West London Police Court, gave his opinion that the "cat" was the only thing to stop such ruffianism. The "cat" is a brutal punishment, but behaviour such as this is asking for it.

Clearing the Slums.

Manchester has been attacking its slums. A large part of the Hulme district having been condemned as unfit for human habitation, the inhabitants have been transferred to the Wilbraham Road Estate, in the outer suburbs, where they can have decent homes with gardens and many up-to-date conveniences. "This is fine," says one of the former slum-dwellers: "it is like being at Blackpool all the time." The fact that fresh air and ground space are luxuries to the poor is no credit to our civilisation.

A Sensible Public-house.

The best solution of the "drink" problem is to convert the public-house into a decent place of recreation. In the colliery district of Arniston, near Edinburgh, there is a model village inn, with a new public entertainment-hall, just erected at a cost of over £7,000. During the winter this place will furnish a variety of wholesome amusements for a hard-working population. It is a great pity that the licensing law of England places insuperable obstacles in the way of such experiments.

Unwanted Babies.

Sad and strange it is that while some childless women will adopt nameless bairns, others will abandon their own babies with less thought than an animal has for its young. At Westcliff recently a well-dressed woman was seen to thrust a month-old child into an empty perambulator left standing outside a house; while at Brockenhurst, Hants, the dead body of a five-months-old baby was found in a suitcase thrown upon the railway lines. The tragedy of the unwanted child is one of the worst blots on our modern civilisation.

A Moneylender's Victim.

Lieutenant Ronald Scott Douglas, a bankrupt Army officer, admitted to the Official Receiver at York that he had borrowed heavily from moneylenders, the interest they had squeezed out of him for short loans averaging over 300 per cent. If it had not been for these bloodsucking usurers the poor fellow might have weathered the storm. It is impossible to estimate the misery and ruin caused by the failure of the State to curb the rapacity of professional loan-mongers. When are we to have the report of that Select Committee?

Stupid Laws and Red Tape.

It is time that some of the silly laws and regulations existing in big cities were done away with, and a little common-sense applied in their stead. The Bristol Fire Brigade is frequently forced to remain inactive within a few yards of a fire because municipal laws forbid them to attend fires outside the boundary. A large poultry-house was recently burnt out while the firemen stood and watched, powerless to do anything because the fire was about a hundred yards on the Somerset side of the Bristol boundary. It seems incredible that this state of things should exist in an intelligent community.

Trusts We Distrust.

We had occasion some months ago to warn the public against a grandiloquently named concern called the Western Counties Incorporated Trust, which was peddling shares in the Demarara Sugar Estates, Ltd. Similar tit-bits in Demarara sugar are now being offered by Morton, Down & Co. and the Scottish Union Development Corporation. We are without information which would lead us to think that Morton, Down and the Scottish Union are any more inclined to enrich investors than the Western Counties. Avoid the lot!

Crooked Concerts.

Unless we are very much mistaken Mr. William Martin Gill, of 119, Amelia Street, Walworth, will shortly find his way back to the prison-cell. He is back at his old game of selling tickets for concerts and entertainments that never materialise. Well known to the police, this ingenious crook has been several times jailed for roguery, but these rebuffs appear only to whet his appetite for dishonest dealing. Readers who are offered tickets for ambiguously named concerts should enquire into the aims and objects of the enterprises before parting with their cash.

Flats by Wallace Bled.

According to Wallace Purdy, of Ocean Chambers, Downing Street, Manchester, sea-going occupations provide "health, happiness and prosperity." Board and lodging is free, he points out, and "tips generally amount to more than wages and in many cases double." None the less he finds it more profitable to confine his own sea-going to Ocean Chambers, and to snatch fees from correspondents who reply to advertisements conveying the impression that shipping firms are gasping for stewards, stewardesses, wireless operators, etc. Our information is the reverse, and our readers will be ill-advised to pay Wallace any money in the expectation of his help to obtain employment.

Brotherly Bruno.

Bruno Fritzsche, of Leipzig, is a true international. Describing himself as a "member of the American Chamber of Commerce, Berlin," he is now approaching business firms in this country with a suggestion to break down our insular Customs barrier. He offers galilith pencils at cheap rates for distribution among the customers of the British companies. After remarking that "it pays to be friendly," Bruno states that under the scheme the Customs law of this country "does not make it necessary to mark the pencils with the country of origin." If that is so, it is high time the Customs law on the point was altered.

Cashless Cashiers.

The question of underpayment of employees in London restaurants has received frequent comment in our columns. For downright meanness we must award the palm, at the moment, to Messrs. Slaters, Ltd. Here is an advertisement which they published in the *Daily Telegraph* the other day: "Smart girls wanted to train as cashiers, bookkeepers. Must be good writers and quick at figures. *Salary after first six months.*" If the girls are good writers and quick at figures, they ought to be quite useful without a probationary period. Slaters, Ltd., ought to be ashamed of themselves.

The Cheerful Dean.

Among the host of fee-snatchers who are flooding the country with offers of moneymaking schemes at a price, it would be hard to beat Messrs. A. L. Dean & Company, of Durham Road, Sheffield. "There are so many catchy schemes about to-day," they announce, "offered by people who have no reputation to maintain that we urge you to take the Big Chance we are giving you." The Big Chance, price 2s., is a cheap booklet with the usual hotch-potch of prescriptions, recipes and childish schemes. In some hints on advertising they announce that, owing to the popularity of this method of business, "some journals are compelled to refuse a large number." We know one journal which would certainly refuse advertisements from A. L. Dean & Company.

Problems of Life

Having It Out

by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

"HAVING it out" is believed to be a proper way of putting an end to a grievance between two people; but it is an expedient of doubtful value.

It may operate well when the source of the trouble is sheer misunderstanding which can be removed by explanation.

Dr. R. J. Campbell

No small part of the prejudices that arise between man and man, class and class, nation and nation, is due to ignorance. We do not understand each other's point of view, and closer acquaintance would help to remedy this.

But when we talk of having it out we should be careful to note whether the desire springs from right feeling or the reverse.

If a former friend has become estranged from you without any reason that you can ascertain, or if you are annoyed with him because of some unworthy action of which you believe him to have been guilty, the very best thing you can do is to go straight to him and clear the matter up.

YOU may be misjudging each other, and a frank interchange of opinion, made in a kindly spirit, should be all that is necessary to disperse the cloud. True friendship does not exact more, for true friendship subsists upon mutual respect.

If you want to keep a friend never hold him cheaply.

Friendship at its best does not thirst for compliments; it observes reticences, and is undisturbed by pleasantries; but it must and will have mutual confidence and consideration or it dies.

When people drift apart it is seldom of much use trying to bring them together again, for the differences between them often lie deeper than they themselves can express, and to argue about these only makes matters worse.

In such a case the wisest thing to do is to accept the situation and maintain courtesy. Enmity should not be permitted nor a word spoken that will for ever rankle in the memory.

THE time may yet come when, spontaneously and without direct effort, perhaps through force of circumstances or a great sorrow shared, the alienation suddenly disappears, and is replaced by a new and firmer mutual regard.

But there is nothing more likely to defeat its object than "having it out" when what is really sought is opportunity to scold.

To brood over wrongs, fancied or real—and they are seldom as big as the sufferer deems them—to hoard up grudges, to sulk and fume in silence, and then to decide "to have it out," when you only mean pouring forth a black flood of bad temper upon the object of your wrath, will as certainly destroy friendship as a bursting shell will spread destruction.

SOCCER PUNTERS: WARNING!

BOOKIES ON THE BOUNCE

Firms that Don't Pay

THE football season has opened with the usual shoal of betting pests out to score at the expense of the "fans." Some are deliberate frauds; others start with good intentions as "football accountants," but having neither capital nor experience end by achieving the same result as defaulters.

Already we have had numerous complaints, and we take this occasion to publish the names of some of the firms whom the public would do well to avoid. Let us say, at the outset, that much of the business done by these mushroom bookmakers is grossly illegal and constitutes an infringement of the Ready Money Betting Act, involving heavy penalties.

Under this Act the remittance of cash for bets before settling-day is prohibited, but the accountants with whom we are concerned naturally require commissions before the time comes for winnings to be paid. It is reasonable to assume that they have little or no money to their own credit on which to operate.

The height of impudence

A football accountant who adds impudence to his other defects is Tom Player, trading as T. Player & Co., of 403, Caledonian Road, London, N. Styling himself "the football king," Player has already commenced business on a considerable scale.

To agents appointed in various towns he lately enclosed a stylishly printed slip which, he stated, protected both them and their clients. It ran as follows:

"We hereby guarantee that all winnings up to and including the sum of one hundred pounds will be paid on any one coupon alone on the understanding that any disputes are to be settled by JOHN BULL, and both sides to abide by their decision.—T. Player & Co., Credit Football Accountants."

Immediately our attention was drawn to this glaring piece of cheek, we wrote to Player informing him of our intention to apply for an injunction in the event of his continuing to make such a preposterous claim.

Will guarantors guarantee?

Player replied assuring us that he would no longer use our name; but he has now issued a second statement that he is altering his guarantee to read—"disputes will be submitted to any leading sporting journal." We shall be glad to hear of any leading sporting journal prepared to act in this direction for T. Player & Co.

Should they by any chance adopt his suggestion, they will have their hands full, to judge from his clients' complaints which have reached this office of Player's failure to keep his promise that winnings will be paid out on the Tuesday following a match on which bets are made.

The motto of "the football king" is, "Fair odds, civility and quick payments always." He would do well to live up to it. His address, let us add, does not convey the impression that he is a man of substance, being part of premises used as a workmen's dining-room.

Another football accountant whose methods have caused congestion in our postbag is H. Gray, of 340, Harrow Road, London, W.9. Although Gray makes the definite promise that "clients will receive their winnings by Tuesday morning following the result of matches," settlement of bets made on August 29 still remains to be made. As some of his debts are for comparatively trifling amounts, it does not seem that Gray is of any financial standing whatever.

One of his clients who won a small amount received a credit slip stating that small winnings are "carried forward to next account." More than one of our readers with larger credits have failed to receive any acknowledgment to their reminders sent to Gray. We therefore think him quite unworthy of the confidence of our readers.

We must add to our cautionary list the name of George Burns, recently of 145, Drummond Street, London, N.W.1. Burns describes himself as a "turf commission agent," but does additional business in football betting. Until he has settled outstanding debts from last season, we shall decline to recommend him to the confidence of the football public during the coming months.

Police should get a move on

A reader who had a credit with Burns but failed to obtain satisfaction asked us to take the matter up. We received a letter from Drummond Street stating that all debts "caused by football speculation" were being "liquidated" and that the claim would be met as soon as possible.

That was four months ago, and our reader is still waiting for his money. He seems likely to wait for some considerable time, Burns having abandoned his "office address," which, as it happens, consisted of a lock-up shop.

We call for increased vigilance on the part of the police during the coming winter to cope with the activities of the pestiferous betbilkers who prey on the most popular of all our sports.

More Bahama Bunkum

Sir Brodrick "Broken-Hartwell's" New Game

WE have had frequent occasions to warn the public against the wild-cat schemes of Sir Brodrick Hartwell, the rum-running baronet. Sir Brodrick, apparently, is too thick-skinned and too well sheltered by certain flaws in the company laws to be deterred by mere newspaper criticism.

His dearest ambition

Much money was lost earlier in the year through disaster overtaking the Bahamas Trust Company, Limited, of 14, Regent Street, S.W. 1, in which this baronet was concerned. The directors called a meeting of the shareholders and announced that a new company would be formed under which the interests of the shareholders would be safeguarded.

The latter waited in eager anticipation for the details. These were forthcoming in due course in a letter signed by Sir Brodrick Hartwell. From it one might deduce that, whatever the feelings of the shareholders, none was nearer expiring of a broken heart than Sir Brodrick.

"I have been honoured by your trust and confidence in me personally in the past," he bleats, "and it is my dearest ambition to prove to you that, in spite of unfortunate circumstances over which I have no control, that trust and confidence has in no way been misplaced."

The baronet announces that he has entered into "certain negotiations with a firm of high standing" which will, in his belief, result in saving the shareholders from any loss.

A serious omission

It transpires that the "firm of high standing" who have come forward to rescue the Bahamas Trust Company, Limited, from their plight is the Bahamas International Trading Company, Limited, a company with an authorised capital of £200,000, of which £100,000 is stated to have already been subscribed.

It is noteworthy that the Bahamas Trust Company, Limited, are authorised to receive applications for the shares and that the name of any reputable firm of underwriters in the City is absent from the prospectus.

His second invitation

Although the Bahamas International Trading Company, Limited, is described as "an investment opportunity of a lifetime—a sound British enterprise showing actual potentialities of producing £400,000 annual profit on a capital on £200,000," we can see no reason whatever why it should succeed where the Bahamas Trust Company, Limited, failed.

This latest share-pushing endeavour of Sir Brodrick Hartwell is all the more to be condemned in that he is appealing to victims of a previous venture.

A Garden of Weeds

Another Bogus Partnership

DURING the past few years the bogus partnership swindle has been worked in a variety of forms. A somewhat novel line has been adopted by a certain S. Hardy, of Palace Mansions, Enfield.

The lure held out by this enterprising firm to unsuspecting men in possession of capital was a nursery-garden in which everything was rosy. Advertising for partners able to invest £150, he was successful in obtaining about £1,100 from several men anxious for work.

A company was formed entitled the Crews Hill Nursery Company, Limited, with the ostensible purpose of acquiring a property in the Crews Hill district. One investor, who had just left the Army and was looking for suitable employment, paid over all his savings, in return for which he was given a debenture and an agreement for £3 10s. per week as wages. As an additional enticement, he was promised the little cottage necessary to complete the picture in a life of happy husbandry.

The long, long wait

After a patient wait of five months, he and the five others commenced work with a will on the bit of land in which they had sunk their all.

Hardy was not conspicuous for his efforts with the hoe and spade, his duty being to provide the directing brains and likewise to look after financial affairs. He was only too successful in the latter direction. But at the end of three weeks the six partners learned that there were to be no hardy annuals in the Crews Hill Nursery. A foreman appointed to pay their wages announced that he was without further funds.

The six partners then were told that of the £1,100 entrusted to Hardy £500 had been deposited for the business and the remainder spent on "company promotion and expenses."

The reader to whom we have already referred was taken ill, and, as he was without any means of support, his wife wrote a pathetic plea to Hardy for the return of some of the investment.

No money in hand

Hardy replied by saying that the matter was in the hands of a firm of solicitors who occupy offices in the Bloomsbury district, and that by applying to them she would no doubt obtain "complete satisfaction."

The solicitors penned a touching note, hoping for a speedy recovery of the sick husband, but regretting to have to inform the distracted wife that they had no money in hand. They added the bright suggestion that she might call on Mr. Hardy at Palace Mansions, Enfield.

As might be expected, Hardy was not at home.

We prophesy that if he continues in his present ways he will one of these days be "from home" in a somewhat unpleasant sense.

A Marriage-Monger

The Ten-guinea Wife

SOLOMON, of the Thousand Wives, and our own Bluff King Hal are generally accepted as the world's greatest exponents of the matrimonial game. But our old friend, Robert Radford, of 5, Featherstone Buildings, High Holborn, W.C.1, could give them points.

Robert, from his little office in Featherstone Buildings, edits that ubiquitous rag, the *Matrimonial Times*. The proprietors of this publication are Messrs. A. Berriff and H. Parry. For years past the trio have been making a tidy little income out of the loneliness of women and of men whose circumstances or disposition cut them off from normal social intercourse.

The lonely Malay bachelor

One of the latter, who commenced negotiations with Mr. Radford by sending him £2, has had good reason to be dissatisfied with that worthy's methods. He is a gentleman living in one of the Malay States where, as he tells JOHN BULL, the feminine element is "decidedly lacking."

Wishing to take to himself a wife, presumably an English woman, he asked to have an advertisement inserted in the *Matrimonial Times*. The reply he received from Radford was as follows:

"Dear Sir,—Thank you for your letter and 40s. I will insert your advertisement, but—why don't you become a client? You should have had a letter like the enclosed. Judging from what you say, I know I can get you suited."

The "letter like the enclosed" was Robert's old familiar circular in which he points out that before the machinery of his bride-finding apparatus can be put in motion a fee of £10 10s. is required.

Our reader naturally did not see his way clear to pay such a large sum before the goods were delivered, or at least before Robert had given some proof of being able to carry out his undertaking. He, accordingly, asked for his money back. Instead he received a fresh request for the "fee." Further applications for the £2 have met with a similar fate.

Afraid of publicity

It is curious that only a few months ago we had to comment on the similar case of another dissatisfied client of Mr. Radford's.

It will readily be seen that the man or woman who seeks a mate through the medium of a matrimonial "shop" is not likely to court publicity. Dealing with such clients, a man gradually comes to believe that irregularities of this kind will not come to light.

A year has elapsed since Radford's client in Malaya sent his £2. For a man who wants to marry a year is a long time. We now call upon him to return to the gentleman his £2 or, failing that, to explain his conduct.

HUGE COCAINE CONSPIRACY

COMPLETE EXPOSURE OF THE DRUG TRAFFIC

We Demand International Action

IN the prosecution of our campaign against the drug evil which is slowly, but with fatal certainty, permeating all phases of society, we recently have indicted "Frenchie" of Pennyfields, Mooney the Dope King, H. Tim his chief distributing agent in the West End, and other smaller fry. These scoundrels are still at large and actively engaged in their nefarious trade.

Since the article in our last issue, a consignment of 20 kilos of supergrade cocaine has been smuggled from the *Pyrrhus*, a Blue Funnel boat from Rotterdam, which docked in Limehouse ten days ago. This dope was done up in two-gram bottles, and, although information was given to Scotland Yard, the stuff was handled with such diabolical cleverness that even the vigilance of the police was evaded. However, Inspector Burnley, Detective Owen, the terror of China Town, and Detective McKay have the situation well in hand, and it cannot be long before these very alert officers make another raid.

Cocaine piano keys

For the information of the police we can state that another shipment is due from the Continent. The methods used for smuggling the dope into this country are as numerous as they are ingenious. There is a Jew in Manchester who is ostensibly engaged in the pianoforte trade; every piano shipped to him from Antwerp has several hollow keys in which cocaine is hidden. Other ruses are to hollow-out broom-handles and to place the stuff inside automobile tyres; one large seizure of morphine was shipped in from Antwerp in the legs of bamboo chairs.

It must be understood that these drugs are always imported; the only drugs made here are morphine and heroin.

The illicit trade in this country is in drugs smuggled in from the Continent, and the chief centre of this is Antwerp, which is the headquarters of some of the worst criminals and most expert traffickers in the world. Antwerp is the distributing centre with Germany as the source of supply.

Forged passports and false labels

In the corner of a café in Antwerp sits a young Chinaman, well groomed, well educated and well spoken. He is the notorious Choi Loy, the director-in-chief of the trade between Antwerp, England and America. He purchased the restaurant and put in his Uncle Choy Wy as proprietor. Its real purpose is to harbour the Chinese seamen who carry dope to this country.

In our issue of August 22 last we stated that Choi Loy had gone on a trip to America. *He has now returned from the States, and a few days ago was planning for a large shipment of dope into the London Docks.*

As was stated in these columns last week Choi Loy's chief assistant is a man who poses as a coloured student; since our article this man has been arrested. His real name is George Alamo, but he has been arrested under the name of Alberto Alarmo, and sentenced to six months for being in possession of cocaine.

Alamo is one of the most dangerous and yet most skilful members of the gang; he has been travelling between Antwerp and London for three years arranging the shipment of dope from Germany.

From his apartment in the Schippertappel he has not only arranged the exportation of dope to this country, but, in addition, has assisted Dick the Penman, a clever international crook, in producing forged materials. So far as his dope trafficking is concerned, this has been confined to printing false labels for the bottles of cocaine smuggled out of the Mercks Chemical Works in Hamburg, and to providing Chinamen with forged passports and forged seamen certificates to get them into England with their supplies of drug for Mooney the Dope King.

Sir Malcolm Delevingne, who will sign, on Great Britain's behalf, the Geneva Convention on the Drug Traffic

In addition to this, Alamo has been an active white-slave agent, mainly engaged in obtaining girls from Germany for the licensed quarters of Antwerp and Brussels.

A nasty blow

These two men, Choi Loy and George Alamo, are the chiefs of the drug traffic in Europe. They employ numerous emissaries, chief of whom are Bob English and George Kimunos.

The latter is a Greek and is in charge of the opium importation. He travels between Turkey and Limehouse to arrange shipments of "Turkey Red" into London's Chinatown. He is wanted by the police for this, and as they are unable to locate him we inform them that Kimunos is now in Constantinople and will be returning to Antwerp within the next ten days.

The other man, Bob English, is a crafty young Jew, who owns the Skandinavisk, a low-class *estaminet*, which he uses to camouflage his real business.

As a "fence"—receiver of stolen property—he is known to every crook in Europe on account of his skill in disposing of big hauls. In addition to this he is in direct touch with Mooney, making periodic trips to England for this purpose. On behalf of the Dope King he supplies quantities of drugs to the seamen who are engaged in transporting them into this country.

He is closely associated with Mooney's agent in Rotterdam, a Chinaman named "Leo the Leaper" (on account of his actions when under the effect of dope). Mooney has never felt the same towards the Rotterdam trade since last May when the police seized a consignment of dope valued at £15,000 which was intended for him.

Bob English is still a young man, and his fame as a crook has spread to the underworld community of every country. This reputation brought him into touch with Tom Murray, an American engaged in the transatlantic dope trade. Murray is now in Antwerp, having "married" the daughter of the proprietor of the "Statue of Liberty," a disreputable public-house in a back street, which is a rendezvous for the low criminals.

Dope for dancers

Murray's function within the dope traffic is to act as a liaison officer between the two centres in Antwerp and New York. He has been able to get into active work but recently, owing to spending five years in Sing Sing prison for drug trading.

He is in direct touch with Mooney, to whom he makes regular visits and arranges business between him and the chief figure in the American trade. This is a man named Vincent Swinney, who alternates his abode between 210, West 21st Street, New York, and 858, Rialto Ave, Venice.

In Antwerp the peddling is done in the two "flash" dance restaurants, the Savigny and the Leopold Palace. At the little tables several of Choi Loy's girls are always to be found, and every night dope is traded. This fact has become known to addicts in England, for nearly every week-end finds them negotiating the purchase of the much-desired dope.

Wreckage left behind

Never before has this gang of traffickers been so exposed, and we do this in a sincere desire to assist the authorities in their well-directed campaign against the vile trade. Those employed in it are not concerned with the trail of tragedy that the white snow leaves—the blighted homes, broken hearts, and ruined bodies—they are only concerned about making money.

It now remains for the authorities to act on the information we have supplied and for the International Police to make a wholesale round-up of the gang. This will at least ensure a cessation, if not a complete stoppage, of the terrible traffic.

THE HAUNTED VICARAGE

MUNDANE FOLK WHO EXPLOIT THE STARS

Aunt Leah's Curious Behaviour

IT was a poet of a former generation who wrote that "the stars that have most glory have no rest." Had he lived to-day, he might have been moved to predict a general strike among the heavenly spheres. With or without glory, they could hardly have half an hour to close their heavenly orbs—that is, if we are to believe that the hordes of fortune-tellers in our midst are as closely in touch with the heavens as they profess to be.

The army of stargazers, to say nothing of fee-snatching psychicists and professional ghost keepers, grows apace. Unless the laws against fortune-telling are strengthened, they will before long constitute a serious social nuisance.

It so happens that so long as the stargazers, in particular, rely solely on the stars for their sources of information, they are not liable to prosecution under the Vagrancy Act.

A high priestess of the cult, who sees stars in a different fashion than would result from being hit in the eye with a leather-bound horoscope, is Madame Clara Irwin, of 15, Sandmere Road, Clapham.

What the stars did not disclose

Fined some time ago for relying merely on the second-sight which she claims to have inherited, she has now opened up communication with the constellations, which are guaranteed to impart all kinds of information, providing a suitable fee is duly deposited with their agent in Sandmere Road.

Then there is Editha, of London Road, Blackburn, known as the "luck-bringer." There is no subject on earth outside her scope. Send her date of birth, sex, whether married or single, and, most important of all, the sum of 2s. 6d., and the stars will do the rest.

Why the stars cannot tell whether you are married or single it is difficult to know.

Other fee-snatchers in the starry choir are Helen the Greek, of Bond Street, who tells her fashionable clients all about their previous incarnations: Madame Julia, of Deritend, Birmingham; Madame Jeritza, of Halisham, whose guiding stars played a mean trick on her not long ago by not conveying to her the news that two of her clients were police officers; and Madame Zaza.

A shock for the cats

The special claim of the last named is that she has developed a sixth sense. She has made the humorous plea that the law ought to make a distinction between specially endowed creatures like herself and the common or garden fortune-tellers who have only got five senses.

To come down to the less remote but no more solid ground of spirit phenomena, we must make passing reference to certain two ladies of Exmouth, Miss Rose Harvey and Miss Chilton, about whom we complained to the police long ago. They have set up as "healers" in a residence called Hulham House. They have no medical skill themselves, but they easily get over the difficulty by claiming to have at their beck and call the spirit of a departed doctor.

Unfortunately, the types of humbug to whom we have referred are innocently aided by the public utterances of people of position with sincere, though misguided, beliefs.

There is the Vicar of Weston, near Otley, the Rev. C. W. Tweedale, against whose character there is, of course, no shadow of reproach. For a clerk in holy orders, however, and a man who must be presumed to have at least the average intelligence, he possesses some extraordinary beliefs which cannot escape comment.

According to his own statements, the Weston vicarage is teeming with apparitions of animals which cause the domestic cats to rear on their hind legs. The same pets are also claimed to have seen the apparitions of human beings.

But among all the collection of visible spirits in this eerie abode none is of such interest as Aunt Leah. Dressed in a white lace robe, Aunt Leah visited the family not long ago in the company of an astral acquaintance equipped with wings. She was on her best behaviour at the outset, but on visiting the upper floor of the vicarage quite forgot the manners of which we are quite sure she was once possessed, and commenced to emit loud growls and snarls.

Spirits with spite

Whether at the hands of Aunt Leah or of some other psychic visitor, certain it is, if we are to believe the vicar, that bunches of keys, pots of ointment and so forth have been hurled through the walls to the imminent risk of the family.

We do not question Mr. Tweedale's sincerity. We do suggest, however, that it would be better for all concerned if he confined himself to the teachings of the Church. With such strange tales emanating from a vicarage, it is little wonder that the simple-minded should fall victims to the humbug and chicanery of the professional fortune-teller.

A System with a Secret

Great Monte Carlo Scheme

NOT for long have we met a gentleman with so picturesque a scheme for extracting investments from the unwary as William Richards. Richards' present address is Villa les Primevères, Place de la Festa, Beausoleil, Monte Carlo, and his inspiration has been drawn from the ruling passion of that historic gaming-resort.

To correspondents who reply to an advertisement inserted in the London daily press, Richards sets forth the details of his amazing scheme: "If you have no objection on moral grounds to commercialised gambling," he states, "I can place before you a very profitable investment."

System to beat systems

One would expect to read that William is the latest gambler to discover an infallible system. But that is not so. He quotes figures from the profits of the numerous casinos in France, to say nothing of the Bank at Monte Carlo, to prove that it is impossible to make any money by working a system.

"Every system in the world," he says, "has been brought here, to Monte Carlo, and has been beaten." That being so, Richards has the ingenious notion of setting out on a crusade to beat the systems himself.

Making pots of money

How he intends to do so is left delightfully vague. He pledges his word, however, that there is in existence an Italian syndicate which is actually doing so and making pots of money by contriving to win every time the Bank wins.

Like Richards himself, the Italian syndicate is ready to share the fruits of its ingenuity with members of the British public having a few hundred pounds to invest. When Richards, who is rather short of capital himself, can put down a certain sum, it will hand over its secret and allow him to work a separate syndicate simultaneously. The capital required is about £2,000, but £1,000 of this has, according to our friend, been subscribed by himself and three other gentlemen—the "Count de Forgach, Lord Halford, and the Hon. Charles Fortescue."

These names are given "in confidence," as well they might be, for there is no such person as Lord Halford, and a distinguished general, whose name approximates to that of the Hon. Charles Fortescue, denies all knowledge of the affair.

A Garden of Eden

After announcing that a £200 investment will bring in £24 a week, Richards holds out a further bait to the investor by suggesting that he might join him on the Riviera and take an active part in the syndicate.

"Monte Carlo is a beautiful place in which to live," says he. And there is at least one beautiful liar in it.

On to the Million!

Gift for You and Your Friend

WHEN we asked our readers to co-operate with us in our endeavour to reach the million mark, we knew that they would give us their help gladly and ungrudgingly. We never realised just how big a place JOHN BULL held in their affections, however, until we read the thousands of letters that come in a never-ending stream.

It is an exhilarating experience to read these letters. "We are more anxious than you are to get our million" is the message of hundreds of our readers.

"Get our million before Christmas?" writes another friend, "of course we will. I'll have a bet on with you if you like!"

White heather for luck

From Scotland comes a sprig of white heather and one of the cheeriest letters we have ever read. From every corner of the kingdom they come—congratulations, photographs, suggestions and more good wishes and expressions of appreciation than we can count. We are acknowledging every letter individually.

And with the letters come the applications for our great free gift—and with each one the name of the new JOHN BULL reader who has been introduced. Our readers don't stop at congratulations—they are working and roping in those new readers.

We thank our readers, every one of them. They are doing magnificently, and we have no longer any doubt as to what the end of our campaign will be.

But success is never assured until it is won, and we urge our friends not to relax their efforts.

We want them to pull all together and to go on pulling until JOHN BULL has reached the goal. If they continue as they have begun the successful end of the "On to the Million" campaign cannot be long delayed.

If you have a friend who, every week, borrows your copy of JOHN BULL suggest to him that in future he buys it for himself! A good many of our readers have already done this, and not only have they maintained their friendship, *but they have secured our magnificent gift for both themselves and their friends.*

Sharing in a wonderful achievement

"Carry on!" says a reader, whose letter has just arrived, "the people are with you!"

We are in no doubt, we never were in any doubt, that JOHN BULL is the people's paper, a national paper in every sense of the word.

"The end crowns all," says the old tag. We see the end now, with a little more help from our army of friends. When it is reached they will share with us a feeling of pride for a wonderful achievement.

If you have not yet filled in your coupon, do so now. Turn to page 21 and get busy.

A Gambling Guarantee

Imposing on the Workless

WHEN is a guarantee not a guarantee? This is a question which might in all seriousness be put to Messrs. Arthur George Chamberlain and Victor Hugh Gateley, proprietors of the British Automobile Schools, of 19, Charing Cross Road, and also to Sydney Thomas Cousins, secretary of the same concern.

These gentlemen are responsible for numerous advertisements which have appeared in the daily papers during the past year or two.

One which we will select for quotation is typical. It was published in the *Daily Chronicle* of August 31, 1925, and it opens as follows:

"Men, also youths, wanted for the motor trade as drivers, testers, salesmen, etc. Suitable applicants will receive unlimited practical training in driving, mechanism and repairs for the lowest fee in England. All positions guaranteed free of charge."

Positions and guarantees

Another, published in the *Daily Express*, is headed, "2,000 Vacancies" and contains, printed in bold type, the words, "Free Employment." A third announces, "Employment secured under written guarantee."

To the average intelligent person these published announcements convey only one meaning—namely, that the British Automobile Schools are qualified, not only to train students in the art of motor-driving, but in addition to secure employment.

We have received more than one complaint from men who have responded to these alluring advertisements, paid various sums of money (usually about £4 14s.) for the tuition course, and finally found that the British Automobile Schools had no more power to secure them positions than had King Canute to keep the sea at bay.

These men are convinced that, while "men, also youths" may be wanted for the motor trade, it does not at all follow that the B.A.S. is a certain avenue through which vacancies may be filled.

New meaning for a word

But what about that guarantee? A representative of JOHN BULL called on Mr. Victor Hugh Gateley, managing director of the schools, and put this question to him.

"Guarantee?" he said, "Oh, yes; but we don't guarantee to get a man a job. Nobody could do that. We only guarantee that, if he gets a job to which we introduce him, we will not charge him anything for our services."

So *that* is what is meant, apparently, by the words: "Employment secured under written guarantee."

We strongly recommend these people to frame their advertisements in plain English. Papers accepting their advertisements should insist that this word "guarantee" is not used in such an ambiguous fashion.

THE SHEFFIELD MURDERERS

EXCLUSIVE EXPOSURE OF THE RACE-GANGS

Who Really Killed Plommer?

THERE are two notorious race-gangs in the North of England. One is the "Birmingham" gang, which is likely to figure prominently before the public in the near future, and the other the "Park" gang of Sheffield.

The headquarters of the "Park" gang, which was formed some years ago, are on Sky Edge, where there is a "Tossing Ring." Large sums of money have been gambled away here for years.

About two years ago some of the smaller criminals quarrelled over the unfair manner in which the spoils were being divided. The result was that a split occurred in the "Park" gang, and those who broke away formed a gang of their own, called the "Garvin" gang, and set out to make things uncomfortable for their former chieftain, who fled to Scotland.

The real murderer

All kinds of affrays followed until, at last, came the murder of William Plommer, concerning which the two brothers Fowler have just been hanged. What is the real truth about this awful tragedy?

Plommer, who was heavily built, was known as the "fairplay" man. In an affray he would act as a kind of referee between rival fighters. If a man fell, for instance, he would pick him up and do his best to see that he got fairplay.

One night a man named Liversidge was attacked by the Fowler boys. Plommer interfered. The Fowlers resented it and, with an arch rogue named "King" Garvin, planned to show him that such conduct could not be tolerated.

It was "King" Garvin who really planned the assault upon Plommer, which was to take place on the following night. The Fowler boys, with a gang of dangerous desperadoes, then set out to inflict their vengeance on Plommer, and murdered him.

Since the two brothers were executed, a lot of nonsense has been written as to the manner in which Wilfred Fowler, the worse desperado of the two, met his fate. The true story is that he played cards and whistled songs until the early hours.

Wilfred Fowler, hanged for the murder of "Jock" or "Fairplay" Plommer in a Sheffield race-gang outrage

And about his "confession"? The truth is that just before he died he made a statement that the real murderer was George Wills—who is the man who, when sentenced to penal servitude for his part in the affray, left the dock smiling.

Shielding his ailant

The "Park" gang must be completely rounded up. Witnesses in the murder case are going about in fear of their lives, and it is expected that Mrs. Plommer may shortly leave the town for good.

There have been affrays between other gangs lately at Brighton, Lambeth, Aldgate, Doncaster and Waterloo

One carried out recently in the East End of London is particularly significant. It portends the beginning of the deferred battle between the "Aldgate" mob and the "Sabini" gang which this journal frustrated, by warning the police in time. *It will happen yet!*

The most dangerous gang operating to-day, apart from the "Birmingham" and the "Park," are the "Sabini," the "Aldgate," the "Brixton" boys, the "Nile" gang, the "Cheshire" gang and the "Hoxton" mob.

How terrified are the victims of such dangerous rascals can be gauged from a recent East End case, where a man named Bloom, terribly mauled by a rogue named Martin, gave evidence which actually shielded his murderous assailant!

Home Secretary must act

Magistrates very often treat race gangsters with a leniency which only encourages the others to grow more brazen than ever. Take the case of a race gangster named Thomas Benneworth, of Myatt Road, Brixton. This man was concerned in a South London scuffle and, on arrest, threatened to "chiv" one officer and murder another. Mr Waddy let him off at Tower Bridge last week on his paying £5 and £3 the cost of the damage he caused.

We do not understand this, and when he and four other men were before Sir Chartres Biron at Bow Street in June last, after detectives in cars had chased them all over London, the magistrate stated that he had been guilty of outrageous behaviour, and bound him over in the sum of £100, with a surety of £100, to keep the peace for twelve months.

We put the problem bluntly to Sir William Joynson-Hicks, and appeal to him to give the matter his wholehearted attention.

An Electric Shock

Another Shady Promotion

WE are interested to read in the columns of the *Bournemouth Graphic* that the "development of electric light in the southern counties of England is not at a standstill." We are still more interested to learn from the same journal that an anticipated increase in the demand for electric light and cookers is being exploited by a concern called the Wareham Electric Supply Company, Limited.

New blood introduced

The reason for our interest will become apparent when we have given a short history of the company, which at the moment happens to be making an appeal for subscriptions to a new capital issue of £9,500.

Registered in October of 1920, with a capital of £5,000, the Wareham Electric Supply Company, Limited, had an inauspicious opening to its career.

Before the end of two years proceedings were taken for voluntary liquidation, but in April, 1923, these proceedings were stayed. New directors, including a certain Alan McLean Eaton and Wilfred Burton, were appointed, and the capital increased to £10,500.

The guiding hand

In a few months a Mr. Emerton Claud Bulk joined the board and the name of Walter Thompson, solicitor, of 43, Cannon Street, E.C., appeared on the files.

The names of these gentlemen will be familiar to readers of JOHN BULL, and when it is noted that in 1924 Sir Charles Budworth Hern Soame, Bart., of Sheen Cottage, Coalbrookdale, also joined the board, there will no longer be any doubt that the Wareham Electric Supply Company, Ltd., had fallen into the hands of the group of shady promoters whose guiding genius is the notorious Colonel Edmund Eaton.

The policy of inflation for which Eaton and his friends are famed was continued, the recent issue bringing the capital of the company to £20,000. Their justification, as stated in the new prospectus, is the estimate of "A. C. Turner, Auditor to the Company," that the revenue would increase in 1925 "quite fifty per cent." and that new consumers at June, 1925, show "two hundred per cent." increase compared with June, 1924."

Warn the public

We are not impressed by the announcement, also in the *Bournemouth Graphic*, that the new works of "this company" were officially opened by His Worship the Mayor.

Since every company with which Eaton and his fellow-sharks have been connected has ended disastrously we have no hesitation in warning the public to beware of the Wareham Electric Supply Company, Limited.

The Sentence of the Court

"RED" FLAG-RAGGING

The Sack for Saklatvala

A TRAITOROUS "COMRADE"

WHEN Shapurji Saklatvala, M.P., was asked whether he pleaded "Guilty" or "Not guilty" to a charge of using abusive language, the answer was in the evasive.

Mr. Watchdog, K.C., said that he wished to make it clear that the jury was not being asked to pronounce an opinion upon Mr. Saklatvala's political principles. "The conflict between Communism and common sense," continued counsel, "is such a one-sided contest as to be practically devoid of sporting interest.

"It may, of course, be the knowledge that he is fighting a losing battle that causes the accused to behave as he does; but even if he cannot achieve the bays of victory he might at least spare us the brays of defeat.

"AMONG the announcements with which he has lately favoured us are such flowers of screech as: 'The British Empire is made up of the aristocratic and cunning dirty dogs of Britain who will assail anyone's country any time,' 'The union Jack is the symbol of enslaved labour all the world over,' and 'I stand openly as a determined and implacable enemy of the Union Jack.'

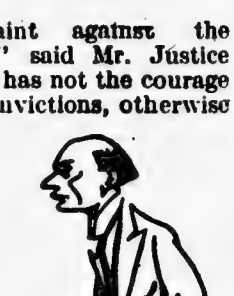
"This sort of thing may impress empty-headed persons who are not particular what a speaker says so long as he says it as loudly and offensively as possible, but thoughtful citizens, even though they may to some extent share Mr. Saklatvala's discontent with many features of the existing social system, find this red rant as nauseous as the pseudo-patriotic pap of perfervid Imperialists. Flag-wagging may not be a very dignified proceeding, but flag-'ragging' is even more stupid."

* * *

Mr. Strawsplitter suggested that his learned friend, like the lady in the comic song, did not object so much to what Mr. Saklatvala said as to the nasty way he said it. His client, perhaps, had not mastered the English art of mixing molasses with his militancy, but failure in this respect was not a punishable offence. The jury possibly had a prejudice in favour of the Union Jack as against the Red Flag, but every man was entitled to his own taste in flags no less than in neckties.

* * *

"MY complaint against the prisoner," said Mr. Justice Bull, "is that he has not the courage of his peculiar convictions, otherwise he would not be content to live, rant and have his being under the flag he considers a symbol of slavery. We have lately had Comrade Saklatvala's assurance that he is 'a soldier of the Bolshevist conspiracy,' and is 'out to work for a revolution,' but this deeply red student of politics seems less intent upon leading others toward the light than on projecting himself into the limelight.



"An honest M.P. would not advocate the overthrow of Parliamentary Government and an honest Bolshevist would not accept £400 a year as a member of an institution which he regards as an obstacle to progress. But, lo! the poor Indian, whose untutored mind cannot comprehend these ethical distinctions, evidently prefers slavery to shibboleths here rather than freedom in the Russia of his idolatry.

* * *

"In the circumstances, I cannot do less than direct that the prisoner's coming visit to America be prolonged for the term of his natural life or Uncle Sam's patience."

In Sunshine Ward

A PACIFIST'S PLUCK

Peace Hath Her Victories

by PHILIP INMAN

I HAVE just peered into a human soul, and I have been strangely thrilled by the experience. Some weeks ago I stood by the body of a man who had been killed in an accident at the place where he worked.

I knew that his sufferings had been intense, and I marvelled at the look of peace and contentment which transfigured his countenance. Now I understand. I have been admitted into the secret of this man's inmost thoughts.

Amongst his personal papers was a diary which has been sent on to me. It is the most poignant document I have ever read. It tells of a man who was branded in life as a shirker and a coward, and who was acclaimed in death as a hero worthy of the V.C.

ALL through his life he had one fixed unshakable principle—he held that war was criminal folly. This was not a safety-first notion which came to birth in August, 1914. It had been handed down to him as the faith of his forebears, and he had learnt it as a child at his mother's knee.

During the European War this conviction brought him into conflict with the majority of his fellow-countrymen. How he felt the indignities piled upon him during those fateful years his diary tells only too graphically. Let me give one or two extracts:

"May 22, 1915.—Met J. H. who called me Con. When I asked him why, told because I was a Conchy and a b—— shirker."

ONE of the tragic moments of the War to this man was when his wife's only brother, a lad of nineteen, was killed in France. From a touching tribute, recorded in the diary at the time the boy enlisted, he was devotedly attached to him. Here is the entry on his death. The words italicised are evidently a taunt on his pacificism.

"June 11, 1917.—Tom reported missing, believed killed. '*It's for the likes of you he's given his life.*' Scoffs and jeers at work, now at home. Oh God, if only they knew!"

Remembering the way he met his end, the following extract is full of tragic pathos:

"May 17, 1920.—Firm's roll of honour unveiled. Asked to keep away because of my 'pacifist views.' And I loved them all."

IN the London factory where for fifteen years this man had been employed, there occurred a few weeks ago the accident which resulted in his death. A fellow-workman was repairing a section of the engineering plant when the machinery was inadvertently set in motion and his body was pinned under one of the iron shafts. In a few seconds he would have been killed, but in a flash someone had dashed to his aid and after an almost super-human effort managed to liberate him.

The rescuer was the despised conscientious objector; he rescued the man who once had called him "a conchy and a b—— shirker"—the "J. H." of the diary.

Alas, that gallant act was only achieved at the price of the rescuer himself. After having hurled the victim to safety, he was knocked to the ground senseless.

AN ambulance rushed him to the hospital. On the way there he regained consciousness, but from the first his case was hopeless. "It is only a matter of time," was the doctor's verdict. Tenderly he was carried into the accident ward, and when his wife arrived his eyes shone with a new and strange light.

She remained with him to the end, which came later in the day. As she left the ward her face became enshrined with a look of indescribable pride. Out of the shadows of his life her husband had passed into the eternal Sunshine Ward.

I can conceive that one day a new name will be added to that firm's roll of honour. Above it will be engraved words something like these, "Peace hath her victories, no less renowned than war."

Cartoonettes and Topical Jingles

by FRANK HOLLAND

We can't withstand this Scotch demand
With any claim to candour;
We've no excuse, for sauce for goose
Is surely sauce for gander!

"Say, bo, that trick with me won't click,
Those tears of yours are sham!
I'll tell you blunt that sob-stuff stunt
Will cut no ice with Sam!"

He takes the pledge and to the edge
He puts the lighted taper.
So at the whim of men like him
Are bonds made "scraps of paper."

Our men and land both idle stand,
While other nations feed us!
The thing's a shame, but who's to blame,
Ourselves or those who lead us!

FEAR—the Birth Controller !

by SIR W. BEACH THOMAS, K.B.E.

BIRTH control is a ready topic both for condemnation and approval. There are, however, conditions in national life which have their bearing on population and the virility of the nation. These conditions are aggravated when fear of unemployment is a real menace

IS it true, as some assert, that "race suicide" is beginning in Britain, and will soon be as strongly marked as it is in France? If so, is it good or bad for the nation? and what is the cause?

The last question is suggested to me by some curious evidence that has come to me—first as a traveller, then as a field naturalist. Let example come first and theory afterwards.

A young Frenchwoman was to be seen daily working like any slave in an allotment by the side of the Seine. She was comely and well made: but her eyes—those windows of the soul—were hard, and her mouth—that door of the soul—tightly closed.

It seemed impossible that so pretty a girl—she was hardly more—could look so grim. In the intervals of her work she taught a small boy to weed the path. He looked rather white and joyless, but had some share of his mother's beauty.

A British soldier who passed by said one day, for mere politeness sake, "That is a pretty boy." She answered instantly, "It's the last," and stopped work to let loose her indignant soul.

"Do you think we Frenchwomen are going to produce children for cannon-fodder? If the War had started before he was born he would not have been born."

The poison of fear

She had stumbled into what the Irish would call a "bull," but she had stumbled on the truth. She had delivered herself of as bitter an epigram as any mother's son could conceive. But she did not leave the subject there. She criticised for some while in a strain of bitterest rhetoric than one would think any young and beautiful woman could compass.

The guns were audible, booming their aimless death. Several houses in the village had been hit. The woman's husband was in the trenches. She was nearly hysterical with an emotion half-way between fear and hate.

The picture of that woman, scowling at the son she obviously doted upon, came back to me five years later, while I walked over a sheep station in Australia—of all places. One paddock, much infested by rabbits, had been cleared of its dead timber and other cover. Overhead circled a number of hawks and "whistling eagles," as they are called.

The farmer said, "Those are my friends. It isn't that they kill many rabbits, but they frighten them; and we have discovered that where rabbits are continually frightened they cease to breed freely. They have rarer litters and smaller litters." Fear, in short, reduced the population as no other agency, not even that *other* poison, strychnine.

A wrong diagnosis

Fear is, perhaps, the worst evil of the human race. It kills happiness; it reduces vitality. A great traveller and pioneer had occasion to enquire into the reason of the death of some travellers who had "died of exposure," as the phrase goes in Northern Canada.

They had died of nothing of the sort. They had lost their way and were hungry, but if their minds had been moderately composed they would have lived days longer, and would have been saved long before the point of exhaustion was reached. The experience of the traveller himself and of others was that vitality ebbs with a scarcely credible speed when a lost man allows himself to be frightened.

It would be easy to give any amount of medical evidence that this universal enemy, fear, kills the reproductive desire and ability more quickly than any other capacities. This more technical part of the subject may be left to the doctors and the imagination. What matters at the moment is the effect of fear on our own British civilisation.

A flutter in the dovecotes

The Frenchwoman and the Australian rabbits are both apposite. An immense number of our citizens are suffering from fear, not, of course, physical fear, but fear of a sort of starvation. Like the poet Burns, they get up in the morning, and go to bed at night saying,

> "And forward though I canna' see, I guess and fear,"

This fear of the future is already affecting our population. Marriages of families grow rapidly smaller, and to-day, for the first time in our history, students begin to prophesy that we are close to the state when the British population, like the French, will dwindle.

The change in the birth-rate is to-day fluttering the dovecotes of the Eugenic Society. A new interest attaches to older questions. Is it true that genius is especially recruited from the youngest children of large families? Is it true that the older children are on the average less fertile than the rest? If so, "race suicide" will be progressive. Capacity and intelligence will diminish all the same that numbers will almost automatically dwindle.

The effect of this fear of the future is thought to be most apparent among certain layers of the middle classes, especially the clergy, who, as a class, have been famous, or notorious, for the size of their families.

Depleting the countryside

A strange point has occurred to one of the reactionary eugenists. His view is that families will become, and, indeed, are becoming, smaller and smaller among the uninsured classes, especially the countrymen; and that, therefore, town populations will continue to increase and rural populations to diminish.

The actual number of men employed in the country places is, of course, dwindling rapidly. We lose about 6,000 or so agricultural labourers every year. If, at the same time as their loss—which we may call capital loss—their families—whom we only call the interest or dividends—also fall off, the country will be yet more rapidly emptied.

We now pay nearly £400,000,000 a year for imported food, and shall presently be paying £500,000,000.

Let me leap to Australia again. The native black population of Australia, who have always refused to till the land, at one time made absolute laws against large families, and in some tribes these still hold. They even artificially destroyed the fertility of many of their males, and punished with death any act of disobedience. The sole reason is shortage of food due to their difficulty in finding it.

The crudity of that savage civilisation is not likely to have any parallel in any other country, certainly not in Britain. It is, nevertheless, not at all unlikely that our want of home-grown food, along with want of employment, will very soon make England a France or a North Queensland in respect of population.

Sir W. Beach Thomas, the famous War Correspondent

Crushing the middle class

Some people will hail this prospect with pleasure. They will say that, though it is race suicide, it is the way to national health. Let that argument be.

It remains in any event that our nation will not be virile nor healthy, unless the horde of fears belonging to recent years is reduced—the fear of unemployment in towns and in the country, especially the fear of the children's future.

The fear is worst perhaps in the classes that come between "the submerged tenth" and the "upper ten"—to use the old phrase, but it is general. Some are afraid of the birds of prey, some of the ground vermin, but, if we must limit our race, let us do it of conviction, not of cowardice.

All the talk of over-population is capable of being very misleading. Over-population is a relative term and is dependent entirely on another factor—the capacity of the country to maintain its people. It is obvious that if this country were able to support only three people it would be over-populated if there were five people living here. The question of the population standard is determined by the ability to support.

A problem for statesmen

There is a well-established fear that this country cannot support its population, and therefore there arises all this confused thinking on the point of over-population. There are two remedies: either the population must be restricted down to the present level of capacity to support or the capacity to support must be increased to the population level.

In other words, there must either be some form of birth-restriction or the land must be made more productive. There are arguments for and against the former, but I know of no argument that can be set against the policy of increasing the productivity of the nation's natural resources. Of the two methods, however, it is for the statesmen to decide which is to be preferred.

Candid Communications

Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities

To the Rt. Hon. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, M.P., Minister of Health.

SIR,—Sooner or later you will have to face the insistent popular demand for public instruction in the methods of birth-control. That some limitation of the population is a sheer economic necessity no one can doubt; and the Ministry of Health is expected to hold clearly defined views on a subject so closely touching the physical and moral wellbeing of the people. The only sensible way out of our present difficulties is the establishment of birth-control clinics where the poor may have free access to that medical guidance which has always been at the disposal of the well-to-do.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir A. STEEL-MAITLAND, M.P., Minister of Labour.

DEAR SIR ARTHUR,—With most of your recent speech at Tullichewan Castle I find myself in agreement, but there was one phrase which must not pass without protest. "If another war comes," you declared, "we shall be dragged into it, and we shall not be able to help ourselves." The steady aim of our foreign policy should be to avoid any "dragging into" a war not of our making, and, if the nation ever finds itself committed without its knowledge to warlike enterprises, there will be a stern reckoning for blundering politicians. JOHN BULL.

To Sir WILLIAM HORWOOD, Commissioner, Metropolitan Police Force.

SIR,—It seems that the police officers of Vine Street Police Station have made up their minds to defy your authority, and snap their fingers at the Rawlinson report. Scarcely had the echoes of the Sheppard case died away when a man named Sidney Brown, charged at Bow Street with drunken and disorderly conduct, complained that he had been refused bail and his request to see a doctor contemptuously ignored. So dissatisfied was the magistrate with the police evidence that he promptly dismissed the case. If you cannot compel obedience to your orders there must arise a grave doubt as to your fitness for the post you hold.

JOHN BULL.

To W. A. LEE, Esq., Secretary Mine Owners' Association.

DEAR SIR,—Will nothing teach the mine owners that the public is determined to see that justice is done to the miners? At a price that is at present incalculable the nation purchased a truce in the struggle. By whose orders and by what right, therefore, does Mr. Philip Gee flood the Press with provocative propaganda designed to prejudice the public mind against the miners? It is your Association, not the miners, that is on trial at the bar of public opinion.

JOHN BULL.

To Sir FREDERICK WISE, M.P., Holwell Court, Hatfield.

DEAR SIR,—During the five years you have been in Parliament you have missed only two sittings, and those through family bereavement. Each day you book your seat at 8 a.m., and after breakfast return to your post until the House rises, however prolonged the sitting. Last session you missed only five divisions out of a possible 356. This is a record, but it ought not to be. Members are paid to attend to their duties, and they have no more right to shirk than any other class of salaried official. Yours is an example that ought to be followed. JOHN BULL.

To G. DRURY COLEMAN, Esq., Secretary, Institute of Patentees.

SIR,—It is plain from what you tell us that the inventor's lot is not a happy one. While the balance-sheet of the Patent Office shows a profit of £75,000 on the year's working, there is reason to believe that many excellent devices are never put upon the market at all, because their authors are too poor to protect their rights. As you convincingly point out, the fees charged are on an altogether excessive scale, so that, unless the inventor has money as well as brains, he is all too frequently robbed of the fruits of his ingenuity. This is a galling injustice. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. GEORGE PEARCE, Pyecombe.

DEAR SIR,—While tending your flocks on the Sussex Downs you had the misfortune to break your leg. Your first thought, though enduring great pain, was for the safety of your sheep. For hours you crawled about, making them secure, before you sought aid for yourself. It was noble devotion to duty. JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. BERNARD SNELL, M.A., B.Sc., Brixton Independent Church.

DEAR SIR,—I am in cordial agreement with your definition of true religion. You believe that it consists of justice, mercy, love, and humility. You believe the world should be built on the law of right, and that breakage of these rules brings sorrow and suffering to the world, as it does to individuals. This is sound teaching badly needed in the present day. JOHN BULL.

To the Hon. LORD ASHMORE, K.C., College of Justice, Scotland.

DEAR SIR,—You have ridded Elder Public Park of a dangerous pest in restraining Robert Rawson, a man of forty, married and the father of six children, from molesting other people's little ones. But what is gained by sending this degenerate to prison for twelve months? Admitting that he is on the border line of insanity, you should have ordered him into an institution for medical treatment. JOHN BULL.

To H. G. ROOTH, Esq., Lambeth Police Court, S.E.

SIR,—You are setting a much-needed example to some other magistrates by your invariable readiness to certify for legal aid to poor prisoners. The view you take is that it is not the business of a magistrate to usurp the functions of a judge and jury by deciding beforehand on the merits of a prisoner's defence. As to the wisdom and humanity of this principle there can be no question. JOHN BULL.

To Commissioner THOMAS ESTILL, Salvation Army, New York.

DEAR SIR,—You are one of those travellers who, after a brief visit to another country, can sum up its position to a T. You discover that we take our problems too seriously and make no attempt to cure our social and industrial ills by "smilin' through" in the American manner. This country is suffering under intolerable taxation; £40,000,000 per annum goes to yours in good red gold. That, perhaps, is why, on your side of the Atlantic, it is more easy to smile. JOHN BULL.

Ding, dong, dell,
Baldwin's in the well;
What a nasty oily swim
Amery's prepared for him.

Johnny Bull won't let him sink,
What we say the people think;
John will pull him from the well,
And save him from this oily "sell."

Straight from the Shoulder

PROFESSOR DAKIN: Botany should play a large part in the education of the country.

Yes; the botany of corn and cabbages, potatoes and foodstuffs, without which the country cannot live.

MR. GERALD GOULD: Babies are the only creatures who do not depress me by their airs of intellectual condescension.

A saying which proves your own attitude of intellectual condescension.

DEAN INGE: We may doubt whether a hater of the entire human race has ever existed.

Judging from their utterances some dignitaries of the Church have come pretty near it.

MR. STACY AUMONIER: Nobody knows how anybody else lives.

And all the anguish in the world comes because so few people care.

Without Fear or Favour

AMERY DISHONOURS BRITAIN

The World's Hope

IT is a pity that the superior attractions of his holiday at Aix-les-Bains should have prevented Mr. Baldwin from attending the sixth Assembly of the League of Nations at Geneva. Such public slights do not tend to enhance the strength and prestige of the League.

Next to America, Great Britain had most to do with the League's formation, and the least the world expects of us is to be true to the professions with which we signed the Treaty of Versailles.

It is the habit of certain politicians to represent the League of Nations as a monumental failure. In truth, it is nothing of the kind. All things considered, the League has been a remarkable success.

It has settled outright more than one European dispute which might have led to war—*e.g.*, the altercation between Sweden and Finland over the Aaland Island in 1920, and the quarrel between Serbia and Albania which a year later threatened to start a fresh blaze in the Balkans.

It has established a Court of International Justice at The Hague which has already given three binding decisions and eleven advisory opinions on matters which might easily have embroiled the Western Powers.

In the humanitarian field the League has a record of steady achievement to its credit. Its campaigns to suppress the traffic in women and children, to control the trade in noxious drugs, to relieve the galling burdens of labour, have borne excellent fruit.

This is not failure. The record of the League is one of splendid effort against crushing odds.

Amazing Laxity

WITH the approach of winter there is a steady increase of bogus night clubs taking place. These clubs are nothing but the merest camouflage for drinking dens—or worse—and the amazing thing is that in the present state of the law their creation cannot be prevented.

Anyone can open a club—even a "night club"—by paying 5s. to a magistrate's clerk.

All that is necessary is to take a back room, go to the nearest police court, fill up a registration form, hand over 5s., and the trick is done!

It is strange that people should still be found to seek the false excitement of these moral cesspools, that they should so openly give themselves to be the prey of the rogues and harpies of the underworld who pose as the "proprietors" of these "clubs."

But the supply of "mugs" is apparently endless, and the police are powerless in face of such an extraordinary legal laxity.

We invite the Home Secretary to look into the matter. It should be simple enough to stop these sharks establishing their "clubs" within the very shadow of the law.

Mischief-making at Geneva

MR. AMERY is on the point of leading this country to the brink of war. The smear of oil is over Irak, and the profiteers and war-mongers are gathering for the spoil. We are being led into a trap

WE are continually forgetting that you cannot gather grapes off fig-trees. We put and keep men in positions of public responsibility which by equipment and temperament they are quite unfitted to fill.

Mr. Amery is a notorious case in point. Heaven alone knows what the British people will have to pay in the long run for his fussy incompetence. Geneva is the last place in the world where he should be let loose. For no assembly is he less suitable than the League of Nations.

Lt.-Col. the Rt. Hon. L. S. Amery, M.P., Minister for the Dominions

We are still in the dark as to what authority he had to announce the acceptance by the British Government of further responsibilities in Irak. There is still hope that he will be repudiated. If he is dismissed from office for his indiscretion we may congratulate ourselves on ending that source of public mischief. Mr. Baldwin seems to be luckier with his second chances. He should eagerly seize this fresh opportunity of getting rid of a troublesome colleague.

But what is really behind this interminable nuisance of Mesopotamia? How is it that the promises of successive Prime Ministers to the electors to end our responsibilities in that country are broken and cast aside? What is the secret cause of this amazing business?

The cat is let out of the bag in a statement in the *Times* which is offered as an explanation of the Government's change of policy, if Mr. Amery has really acted in its behalf.

PONDER these words: "They (the Government) realise, too, that a very extensive British trading interest has grown up in the country, particularly in oil and cotton, while there is every reason to believe that, given the necessary encouragement, Irak could again become before long one of the important granaries of the world."

Let us put this evasive message from the Colonial Office in more direct terms. Two great financial groups are rivals for the exploitation of the enormous commercial possibilities of Mespot. One is headed by a wealthy business peer who "assisted" his country during the War. The other contains as its most influential figure the mysterious Greek, Zaharoff, whose magnificence and possessions are periodically advertised to an admiring world.

Each of these syndicates is represented at Geneva by a mob of hangers-on, touts and what-nots with a tasty finger in the big pie.

EVERYBODY concerned is looking out for a little bit of sugar for the bird. Behind the elaborate make-believe of the conferences of the statesmen are the fluctuating fortunes of these rival gangs of war profiteers. Every politician "on the rise" is only too ready to give them a hand.

In fact, this Mespot business is a flagrant example of the unblushing conspiracies of wealthy men to carve up the after-War world for their profit at our expense. We are weighed down by the burdens of the War which they exploited for enormous financial and material gains.

Out of these profits they are getting ready to open up great schemes of development in foreign lands, and we ordinary folk are to pay the taxes to keep up armies, navies and all the paraphernalia of Government for their protection. Have we forgotten the mine-owners of the Boer War or the Stinnes in all lands of the late War that we are going to tumble into such a trap again?

Let Mr. Baldwin do his duty by honouring his word. Get out of Mespot. Give these profiteers the lesson they need.

War Games

DURING the past week or two elaborate war games have been in progress in many parts of Great Britain. The Army manœuvres have excited a great amount of interest, the newspapers have furbished up their war-time vocabulary, and thousands of blameless persons have had all the thrill of battle with none of its risks.

From the strictly military standpoint it is said that the net outcome of these operations has been entirely satisfactory. If a new war comes we shall be better prepared than last time, less open to surprise, more ready to kill. So at any rate the brass-hats ask us to believe.

There is no discoverable flaw in the murderous organisation which Great Britain, in common with other civilised nations, deems necessary for its defence.

But is this enough? In 1914 Germany was "prepared" to the last tunic-button of those immense battalions which at a nod from Potsdam were to march to the conquest of the world. To-day this proud people does humble penance for crimes unparalleled against the conscience of the race.

Is there no lesson here for nations bent on their war-games, feverish in their pursuit of military efficiency, yet cold and apathetic in the cause of peace?

Deliberately we say there is no hope for Britain, or for any nation, unless, side by side with such military training as may be necessary for defence, there exists the determination to avoid war and the causes of war by every honourable means.

Flag-day Abuses

THE British public are amazingly tolerant of the "multitude of sins" covered by charity. No "flag-day" ever fails; and, although the chink of the collecting-box is scarcely ever silent in the streets, a generous response is always assured.

All this is excellent; but there are certain abuses which demand correction. Cases of fraud linking hands with charity have been far too common of late. Not always do the promoters of flag-days exercise proper care in the choice of collectors; while the police in some cases have been deplorably lax in the investigations it is their duty to undertake before sanctioning collections in the streets.

The public, too, may be forgiven a gasp of surprise at the news that the organising secretary of the Appeals' Department of the British Legion netted £2,000 as commission on the recent "Poppy Day" collection. Such "expenses" are an unfair toll on the nation's generous gifts.

Our pages have from time to time contained exposures of even worse cases than this. The amounts that some of those who run even our best-known charities make out of them is a scandal that should have been long ago ended.

Clearly the whole question of these charitable appeals needs legislative attention.

Swales in Wonderland

by "A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER"

WAGES are paid by employers to their workers as remuneration for work done. There is no question of slavery in the transaction while fair wages are paid for honest work. It is only when sweated wages are paid that slavery and tyranny enter into the scheme

Mr. A. B. Swales, President of the Trades Union Congress recently held at Scarborough

IN his address to the Trades Union Congress Mr. A. B. Swales, about whose intellectual qualifications I know nothing, announced that there are "clear indications of a world movement rising in revolt and determined to shake off the shackles of wage slavery."

That nonsense of this kind should be uttered from the presidential chair of a congress which ventures to address the intelligence of serious men is a very disturbing element in the problem of democracy.

What should we say if the president of the British Association solemnly announced to men of science that there are clear indications of a movement to shake off the humiliating necessity of intestinal digestion, or the degrading necessity of breathing common air?

But such a statement would be no more grotesque than the affirmation of Mr. Swales, for wages are as essential to organised communities of mankind as the intestines to digestion and the air to existence.

How to become a political leader

Mr. Swales, of course, does not see that he is talking nonsense, and that is just the peril of our condition. Men with little education and no responsibility are free in a democracy to say whatever enters their heads, and if they happen to have a small talent for vigorous expression they may easily so delude masses of rather ignorant people as to become leaders of political thought.

I should like to ask Mr. Swales a few simple questions. What is the difference in the feelings of a printer's overseer and a police-sergeant when they receive their wages? The one is paid by an enterprising and self-supporting employer; the other is paid out of a form of taxation.

Is the printer debased and humiliated by receiving wages for his useful work, and is the policeman conscious of a moral superiority as he walks off to his wife with the wages of his necessary, but entirely unproductive, work? How does Mr. Swales differentiate between the man who works for an employer and the man who works either for the State or for a municipality?

That the working-classes in general do not regard their wages as shackles seems to be proved by the willingness with which they strike to load themselves still further with their humiliations.

Honest work, honest wages

If Mr. Swales will allow me to be personal for a moment, I would tell him that I am conscious of a singular happiness in receiving wages from all parts of the world, out of which the State takes a considerable sum in order to pay wages to people who produce nothing, sell nothing, and contribute nothing to the increase of the nation's wealth.

I do not feel that I am inferior to the Civil servant who duns me for taxes, or to the inspector of schools whose income is derived from taxation, or even to the political agitator whose income is derived from the taxation of the wage-slave.

And this feeling of happiness and self-respect, which is quite natural to me, ought to be shared by every artisan and mechanic who, like me, produce commodities which are sold for money and the price of which contributes to the general wealth of the British Isles. If Mr. Swales is ashamed of his wages, that is a matter entirely for himself; but there is no reason why any honest workman should be ashamed of receiving pay for his loyal service.

But perhaps Mr. Swales is out to do away with wages altogether. "The shackles of wage slavery," according to Mr. Swales, are to be shaken off. What does he mean exactly? Are there to be no wages at all, not even State wages?

Prime Minister as a wage slave

Is Mr. A. B. Swales, for example, as Lord Chancellor or Prime Minister of Great Britain, to receive no emolument of any kind? Shall we see him rising early in the morning to plant potatoes and going forth with a bucket to feed his pig, and at night-time sitting down before a loom to weave himself a suit of homespun?

Even so he will need a saucepan in which to cook his potatoes, a frying-pan in which to prepare his bacon, and buttons, or at any rate safety pins, for the adjustment of his clothes. Does he propose to make all these things as well?

I cannot believe that Mr. Swales, however great the range of his intellect or however clinching his grasp upon practical affairs, could entirely provide for his own needs. Therefore, I must suppose that he would still, even in a Windsor uniform, be wearing the shackles of wage-slavery, even as Mr. Baldwin wears them at the present time.

So the end of it all appears to be that wage-slavery is to continue, but with the State as despot. There is to be no master whose service we may leave if we don't like it; instead, there is to be a State (composed chiefly of Mr. Swales and his friends), from whose service no man will ever be able to free himself and against whose orders none of us will be allowed even to utter a whisper.

Mr. Swales exalts Moscow. Well, we know that wages, and extremely small wages, are paid under the Soviet Government, and we also know that trade unions in Russia are not allowed to criticise their State masters.

Does Mr. Swales mean, then, that when the State employs us all, any critic of the State will be shot out of hand? Is that the paradise to which this disciple of Moscow is inviting the wage-slaves of Britain? Or is all his verbiage translated into facts nothing more serious than a dull plagiarism of "Alice in Wonderland"?

There is an aspect of this matter which has possibly escaped the attention of Mr. Swales. Let me point it out to him in this manner. When I am talking with men of science I find them extremely unwilling to advance even a slight and tentative theory to account for even the least mystery in nature. They regard truth as supremely important. They carefully weigh every word they make use of in uttering an opinion. One feels in their company that cheapjacks are of another species altogether, and that cranks and fanatics are without question an order of lunatics.

The justifiable conclusion

Has Mr. Swales ever considered that this spirit, general among men of science, is equally becoming to amateur politicians? I do not think for a moment that he would intentionally mislead ignorant people, or that he would consciously set about exploiting the distresses of struggling people in order to achieve political notoriety; but I am justified in concluding, from the vehement folly of his presidential address, that he has not yet definitely confronted the solemn responsibilities of public utterance or examined himself with earnest carefulness to see if he has any title to figure as a leader of men.

The Public Poverty P

There is nothing so cruel as to parade the workless in queues for the more fortunate to gaze upon

GOVERNMENT officials are notorious spendthrifts. Like many others who are privileged to spend money which they are not compelled to earn, they take to extravagance as easily as ducks and teetotallers take to water. From the moment of entering into office as dispensers of the Budget's colossal revenue, they begin to think in millions. They cease to dread "that climax of all human ills, the inflammation of the weekly bills."

The Rt. Hon. Sir A. Steel-Maitland, M.P., Minister of Labour

Why worry about expense when they have found the Fortunatus purse of the helpless taxpayer? As I have heard a Food Controller say about the scrapping of a huge store of provisions after the War, "It's only a matter of a million." Before he became a distributor of national funds, he had managed a grocer's shop where he would have scratched his head very hard before cutting the loss of a shilling. It is this characteristically ruinous vice of bureaucracy which accounts for the drastic indictment by a Parliamentary Committee of our profligate expenditure on Labour Exchanges.

These institutions may be needful. I have seen much reason to doubt it. Big employers have told me that they much preferred, when wanting workmen, to apply to the trade unions: these, having personal knowledge of their members, and realising their own responsibility in recommending them, took care to weed out the notorious workshys and to send men who were efficient and reliable.

THE Labour Exchanges naturally have no such expert and intimate knowledge. Their officials are mere registering-machines who follow a mechanical indiscriminating routine. They are at a similar disadvantage in dealing with unemployment insurance. The trade union officials, in administering unemployment pay, keep a sharp, trained and knowing eye on frauds; the Labour Bureau pays by official rule.

I believe it would have "paid" the nation in its own interest to entrust to the unions most of the work now done by the Labour Exchanges. It would have saved the establishment of a huge

Th

THE ... and preparing ... rank

THE thunders at Scar... by and the captai... Labour have gone ... battles have been ... have been struck and bitt... said. Where does it all leav... leave Labour? In what di... power moving? Is trade ... Russia for its ideals and its ... firm to the British tradition ...

I said last week, writing ... this was the issue that oversh... All that has happened has c... Every great struggle raged ... standards. Parliament or the ... or Dictatorship? Capitalism ...

The general impression ... congress is that the issue is ... and that trades unionism st... and indecisively at the cross ...

Not peace— but a sword

On the two main question... it decided against the revol... case absolutely, in the other ...

What Mr. Wheatley, Mr. ... the Communists have in mi... known and very clearly st... Wheatley in this group, bec... not a trade unionist, he is muc... important of those who ar... policy.

That policy contemplates ... all the trades unions into ... under a single control. Th... this vast organisation is t... practically absolute powers ... affairs of the union. It will ... of Ten which will initiate ... practically uncontrolled exec...

Its purpose will be not to ...

verty P

and costly institution; it wo... the unions a vast respon... Labour's assumption of Gov... sharply whetted their wisdo...

ON this point difference ... and debatable, but there ... difference of opinion as to t... extravagance of the present s...

The distressful men and ... ployed army, sick and sore ... poverty, are cruelly parade... fortunate fellow-citizens as th... on their happy business o... workless people line up in ... are frequently hustled by the ... the traffic. And their mo... citizens cast glances of cont... more heartless sometimes ... remarks.

But whilst we resent the w... Exchanges, we do not, like so... censure to the activities ... Labour Bureau at Geneva.

The critics of this beneficen... to be inspired by the ruthl... school of economists who opp... Acts, the passing of laws to ...

The Distant Drum

by A. G. GARDINER

THE War Lords are planning for battle. Whether we shall be engaged in another war depends upon the people. Similarly Communists are preparing war on the British Constitution, and it is in the hands of the rank-and-file of Labour to decide whether they shall have their way

THE thunders at Scarborough have rolled by and the captains and the kings of Labour have gone home again. Great battles have been fought, hard blows have been struck and bitter things have been said. Where does it all leave us? Where does it leave Labour? In what direction is that great power moving? Is trade unionism turning to Russia for its ideals and its methods, or is it still firm to the British tradition of constitutionalism?

I said last week, writing before the event, that this was the issue that overshadowed the congress. All that has happened has confirmed the forecast. Every great struggle raged around these rival standards. Parliament or the Soviet? Democracy or Dictatorship? Capitalism or Communism?

The general impression that is left by the congress is that the issue is still in the balance, and that trades unionism still stands doubtfully and indecisively at the cross roads.

Not peace—but a sword

On the two main questions before the congress it decided against the revolutionists—in the one case absolutely, in the other a little half-heartedly.

What Mr. Wheatley, Mr. Cook, Mr. Pollitt and the Communists have in mind is now very well known and very clearly stated. I include Mr. Wheatley in this group, because, although he is not a trade unionist, he is much the ablest and most important of those who are inspiring the new policy.

That policy contemplates the aggregation of all the trades unions into one gigantic body under a single control. The General Council of this vast organisation is to be endowed with practically absolute powers in administering the affairs of the union. It will be a sort of Council of Ten which will initiate policy and exercise practically uncontrolled executive power.

Its purpose will be not to bring peace into the industrial world but a sword. It will inaugurate the class war, and its motives will be not the settlement of disputes by negotiations, but the employment of disputes to destroy the existing economic and political system of society.

Disagreements are not to be adjusted, but fomented, and the dislocation of the machine is to be brought about by the introduction of grit into its workings. Prosperity in industry is not an end to be desired, but a peril to be averted.

What the minority proposals mean

This means bad trade and unemployment, which is unfortunate for the worker, but not so unfortunate as it seems. Unemployment, as Mr. Wheatley has said, is not a bad thing in itself. It breeds discontent, fans the fire of revolution and so brings the political end nearer.

Every industry which is depressed and whose workers are consequently unemployed is a new burden to the industries that are prosperous. Every subsidy paid to one trade, as in the case of coal, has to be provided by taxation which falls on other trades. These trades in turn become depressed and add to unemployment. More subsidies.

And so the area of depression widens—widens—widens, until the whole trade of the country is involved, the prosperous industries are all bled white, the sources of subsidies are dried up and the whole capitalist system falls to the ground.

Then the new order will begin. Then the paradisiacal conditions that prevail in Russia will prevail also in our happy land, and the blessings of Communism will rain down on us like manna.

There will be no need to worry about Parliament, that "second- or third-rate debating society" as Mr. Wheatley calls it. It will be painlessly extinguished and government will pass to the workers' Soviet—in other words, the General Council—who will wield the sceptre.

The council will dig themselves into office as

The Rt. Hon. Ramsay MacDonald, M.P., the late Premier, and leader of Constitutional Labour

the organisers of the revolution have done in Russia, and the trades union delegates coming solemnly to their annual congress will have about as much power over affairs as the Russian peasantry or the Russian artisans have over the little group of dictators who sit at Moscow.

There will be no newspapers to complain. The only newspapers that will be allowed to be published will be, as in Russia, those which say what the dictators instruct them to say.

We shall have full permission to drink in the wisdom that falls from Mr. Wheatley and Mr. Cook or whatever Robespieres may have got the dictatorship, but wicked people like Mr. Baldwin, Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. MacDonald (especially Mr. MacDonald, the leader of the feeble folk the Menshiviks) will be suppressed—probably in exile.

This is not a caricature. It is a plain statement of the policy which is being preached daily in the country, and the seed of which trades unionism has been invited to plant officially and authoritatively. It has not accepted the invitation. It rejected the one-big union idea, and it referred back the proposal to endow the General Council with plenary powers to the unions to consider.

Facing the facts

But it would be folly to ignore the very rapid advance which the Communists have made. They have not captured the congress, but they have ceased to be a negligible fraction of it.

The mere fact that the congress instead of rejecting the proposal to convert the General Council into a War Department only ventured to refer the proposal back is ominous. And the adoption of the shop committees scheme, frankly put forward as a weapon to overthrow the capitalist system, was even more ominous.

I hope the rank-and-file of the trades union movement will give weighty thought to all that is at stake while that movement is still hesitating, and before it is committed irrevocably. I hope it will consider most earnestly what is involved in that declaration of war on society to which it is being urged by some of its leaders.

I express no opinion on capitalism and communism as abstract theories. They are both human instruments for enabling society to carry on. They are neither magic working systems, but fallible human systems dependent on human wisdom or unwisdom for their success or failure.

The trumpets of Communism

But I do not believe in violent revolution—and let there be no mistake: it is violent revolution to which trades unionism is being urged to commit itself. And I do believe in constitutionalism—and, again, let there be no mistake: it is the destruction of Parliamentary government and the substitution of the Soviet at which the Wheatleys and Cooks are aiming.

This country is not Russia, which passed at a stride from the despotism of one autocracy to that of another equally ruthless. It has behind it a thousand years of growth in the tradition of self-government. It will not surrender that great heritage at the bidding of the trumpets of Mr. Wheatley and Mr. Cook.

---

verty Parades

by ALEX. M. THOMPSON ("Dangle")

and costly institution; it would have thrown upon the unions a vast responsibility which, like Labour's assumption of Government, would have sharply whetted their wisdom.

ON this point difference of opinion is natural and debatable, but there can be no reasonable difference of opinion as to the lavish and idiotic extravagance of the present system.

The distressful men and women of the unemployed army, sick and sore and ashamed of their poverty, are cruelly paraded before their more fortunate fellow-citizens as they flutter to and fro on their happy business of shopping. As the workless people line up in long queues, they are frequently hustled by the police for obstructing the traffic. And their more fortunate fellow-citizens cast glances of contempt on them; the more heartless sometimes utter sneering remarks.

But whilst we resent the wastefulness of Labour Exchanges, we do not, like some critics, extend our censure to the activities of the International Labour Bureau at Geneva.

The critics of this beneficent institution appear to be inspired by the ruthless spirit of the old school of economists who opposed all the Factory Acts, the passing of laws to prevent the employment of children, to legalise trade combination, and to establish the ten-hour working day.

No sane reformer could possibly deny or even question the useful work of the International Labour Bureau. One of the chief obstacles to the improvement of living conditions for our people is the existence of lower conditions in other countries. If our people are working eight hours a day and earning £3 a week, it is difficult for them to compete with the workers of other lands who are earning only £2 and working ten hours.

THE object of the International Labour Bureau has been to bring the more backward countries up to the level of the more advanced. As a result of its activities, the statutory working hours in Indian factories have been reduced from seventy-two a week to sixty, and in mines to fifty-four. The minimum age for the employment of children has been raised from nine years to twelve.

As a direct effect of the Bureau's efforts, some 300 Acts have been passed in various countries to level up labour to a universal standard of improvement. Can the British contribution of £30,000 a year to the upkeep of this organisation be reasonably compared with our waste of money in the maintenance of Labour Exchanges?

Add this pleasure to your leisure

Complete change is essential to the full enjoyment of your leisure hours. Change of clothes, of air, of effort mental and physical, of food, and even of your smoking habits! Your workaday cigarettes will to-morrow seem more enjoyable if you give them a rest this evening and smoke Manikins—those choice but economical little cigars with the Mild Havana Flavour. Manikins give you *cigar* luxury at little more than *cigarette* cost.

Smoke MANIKIN

MILD HAVANA FLAVOUR CIGARS

Being real cigars, Manikins give you smoking satisfaction which only a cigar can give. Buy a packet to-day just to try them. You will buy a box to-morrow—and wonder how you ever did without them.

The "Luxury" Smoke for the WEEK-END 15—2/6 *In pocket case*

5-10d
10-1/8

WE CAN'T AFFORD THE POOR!

by The Right Hon. C. F. G. MASTERMAN

NO nation has ever shown such practical sympathy with its unemployed and aged as ours. But the question has now to be faced how much longer the taxpayer can afford this generosity. The better way, the only practical way, is to provide remunerative employment for all

THE question, "Can we afford the poor?" looks like the title of one of those old half-crazy writings which used to suggest that every man who cannot create by his labour enough to live on should be painlessly put out of existence.

This is not what I advocate. But I think serious people in this country should realise what a tremendous problem we have before us and how little it is realised by our rulers.

The problem of affording our poor is the problem of enabling them each to create more wealth and thus to pay for his wages. But when the Labour Party came in, their only solution was to give more doles to those who were not making wealth, and, indeed, to give more doles on the condition that the person receiving them should do no work, and therefore make no wealth at all. These doles are obtained by extracting money through taxation from all the citizens who are making wealth. It is evident that this process cannot continue.

Towns going bankrupt

Some time ago I investigated some of the northern towns and found forty out of every hundred men out of work. The other sixty had, therefore, to pay for their support and for their wives and children. They did it by an ever-increasing rate laid on their houses and by borrowing for that rate from the Ministry of Health.

Some towns like West Ham and Poplar now owe hundreds of thousands of pounds, which they have spent already in supporting the unemployed poor in doing nothing. The sum mounts up every week. They are cities of poor people, as I know, having represented West Ham in Parliament for many years, and it seems impossible that they will ever be able to pay back the money they have borrowed, in which case they will go bankrupt, as no English town has ever yet done.

But there are even more difficult problems than these. When the Government of which I was a member passed the Old Age Pensions' Bill, giving pensions to all at seventy, the cost every year was only about eleven millions. But now two things have happened

The first is that the pensions have been doubled; the second is that owing to improvement in national health and other reasons, the number of persons who live over seventy and even to eighty or ninety is enormously increasing every year. As a result, it is estimated that in a few years' time we shall be paying forty to fifty millions in old-age pensions alone.

Unemployed becoming unemployable

We have over 1,300,000 men, women and boys and girls over sixteen drawing the dole, and doing nothing. Some of these could work excellently if work could be found for them. Some are not worth employing, either by the State in a Socialist community or by private firms, owing to defects of either body or mind. Many of the employables, owing to the long time of enforced idleness and hope destroyed, are gradually passing into the ranks of the unemployable.

Second, one in thirty of our population receives grants from the Poor Law. Many of these are in our workhouses. But no one in the workhouses does work sufficient to pay the cost to the State. Others are mere forlorn creatures that once were men, or who never had a chance when young, of the same class that sleep on the embankment, drift in and out of prison, or get their relations to support them.

The nation cannot afford to support permanently a class such as this. It cannot destroy those now living, but it must spend all its energies in watching from birth and helping from birth the children who are coming into the world, and prevent them, so far as is humanly possible, from ever drifting into so dreadful a fate.

Tinkering with the problem

It has done something for the babies; but in the black spots, such as one near which I lived for ten years in Camberwell, boys and girls are still growing up with no physical development, weak in mind, in overcrowded houses, often five or six in one room, upon whom the large sums we spend in education are utterly wasted. People say we cannot afford to take measures to make these boys and girls physically, mentally and morally into decent citizens.

The fact is that since the War we have been tinkering with the problem, both the Government and the towns hoping for something to turn up which will put things right again. But I can see nothing that will "turn up", unless the question is accepted as a whole, regardless of Party quarrels and the whole nation sets itself on some big proposal to turn people who cannot earn what they spend into efficient wage-earners, and to get those who are now efficient wage-earners an opportunity for creating more than they spend.

For what is the problem? Experts now tell us that we have begun to live on our capital, and not on our earnings. If a nation continues to live on its savings, after a time those savings vanish.

We are going to give twenty millions to the mine-owners and the miners as a subsidy. That will not mean a penny more wealth made, but it will have to be paid by us, by the poor and the middle-classes as well as by the wealthy.

Britain lagging behind

My answer to the whole problem is this: We cannot afford the poor as we are dealing with them at present. We have two tasks before us, to get employment for the unemployed so that they may earn wealth, and to prevent our fellow-citizens from sinking into such a condition that even if they wish to earn wealth they are unable to do it.

The first means a great national development. I do not see why Sir Alfred Mond's scheme of a loan of 100 millions to achieve that development would not be possible. The land of England has only been scratched.

In France the peasants make the wealth of the country, and they have no unemployed. In Belgium, in Holland and in Denmark, there are very flourishing land populations, from which we buy great quantities of food which we ought to grow at home. We import over 300 million pounds' worth of food suitable to be grown on the land of England.

In the long run all wealth is made out of the harvests of the world, and if we make two potatoes grow where only one grew before, we have so far managed to

The Rt. Hon. C. F. G. Masterman

afford our poor, especially if it is the poor who make them.

Then all our war allies and our war enemies have been spending these years in great schemes of electrical development and improvement in factories and workshops and mines, and in making better roads and canals, and in every way employing the poor at work, which will give a return in increased wealth and power to compete with us abroad, instead of, as we have done, keeping a million men who could do this work in food, clothes, lodging, etc., on condition that they do not do any work.

Fight poverty, not the poor

All this ought to be changed, and changed at once. By means such as these we could make a demand for the labour of the unemployed, who will be able to support themselves and their wives and children in decency and comfort.

If we cannot afford the poor, we must arrange that they are no longer poor, but able to support themselves. We must educate the children, and see that they grow up into men and women with energy and knowledge. We must fight harder against this sickness and diseases which prevent this being done. We must remove the scandal of the rooms where so many are toiling like insects in a nest, which prevents physical and mental efficiency. In fact, we must get the whole nation to unite in a scheme not against the poor, but against poverty.

A winning battle

"The poor ye have always with you," runs the old text in Palestine. There is no reason why this should apply to England. It will be a long time before we can completely make every man and woman fit for the work they have to do and able to produce more wealth than they consume.

But we should be doing more now every day in this effort, and fighting a winning battle, not a losing one, against forces and conditions which, if they are not changed, may bring this country to ruin.

JOHN BULL'S Great Gift sweeps the Country!

COUPON No. 3 appears on bottom left hand corner of back cover.

The above illustrations are much reduced.

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Each Razor is British Made.

LADIES TOO! In these days the Genuine 10/6 "Gillette" Set which "John Bull" is presenting free, will be found an ideal gift for women as well as men.

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How to get "JOHN BULL'S" Gift

All that you are asked to do is to introduce "John Bull" to only one friend who is not already a reader. All that your friend has to do is to give "John Bull" a trial for eight consecutive weeks.

As proof that both you and your friend have purchased "John Bull" for eight successive weeks, you are both asked to cut out and affix eight consecutively numbered coupons from the bottom left-hand corner of the back cover of "John Bull" to the Gift Vouchers which will be sent to you on receipt of the forms at the foot of this page. Directly your own and your friend's Gift Vouchers are received by "John Bull," properly completed, you will each immediately receive a Genuine Half-Guinea "Gillette" Set FREE. There is no "catch." There are no hidden conditions. The only thing we ask is that you make quite sure that the friend you introduce is a genuine new reader, who has not purchased "John Bull" for the last three months. Coupons are now appearing weekly, so you may begin to qualify without delay.

So great is our faith in "John Bull" that we believe that those who in the first place are induced by our great offer to give "John Bull" a trial for eight consecutive weeks will decide afterwards to continue as permanent readers.

Post the Forms below to-day

Take the first step towards securing "John Bull's" magnificent Gifts by getting the forms at the foot of this page filled in to-day. As soon as these forms are recieved, "John Bull" will post to you two official Gift Vouchers—one for your friend and one for you—and at the same time two Half-Guinea "Gillette" Razor Sets will be set aside and will be specially reserved, one in your own name and the other in the name of your friend.

JOHN BULL'S Wonderful FREE Gift

TO do full justice to "John Bull's" superb Gift Set it would be necessary to show the case in its true colours—a rich royal purple. Another elegant and distinctive departure is the oval case, which is beautifully lined throughout in silk and velvet. The "Gillette" Safety Razor itself is handsomely silver-plated, and is complete with blade—a genuine "Gillette." There is no advertising matter on razor or case. "John Bull's" Free Gift is not old stock but *an entirely new line* specially manufactured for the occasion.

Rules and Conditions.

The object of this Scheme is to get bona-fide new readers for "JOHN BULL," and if it should be found upon verification that the name of a person given as a new reader is already a reader of "JOHN BULL" both applicants will be disqualified for the Gift of a Half-Guinea "Gillette" Razor Set. Any present reader of "JOHN BULL" may easily qualify for a Gift Set by introducing a friend who is not already a reader.

A new reader of "John Bull" shall be held to be a person who has not purchased "John Bull" for the last three months.

No present reader or new reader may qualify for more than one Gift Razor Set. In order to qualify for the Gift Set, both the reader of "John Bull" and his friend are to purchase eight successive copies of "John Bull" between the issue, now on sale and the issue dated December 12, inclusive, and to affix eight consecutively numbered coupons (cut from the bottom left hand corner of the back cover of "John Bull") to Gift Vouchers which will be sent to them.

Under this scheme fifteen coupons in all will appear in "John Bull." Coupons may be cut from any eight CONSECUTIVE issues as long as this scheme is in force. Thus, you may send Coupons Nos. 3 to 10; 4 to 11; 5 to 12, and so on. No person may qualify by purchasing back numbers for either whole or part of the eight weeks.

Free Sets must be applied for on the special Half-Guinea Gift Voucher which is sent to each applicant.

When applicants have qualified for sets, they are each required to send 6d. to cover postage, packing and insurance of sets to their respective addresses. Apart from this, there is no payment of any kind required.

This offer applies only to persons residing in the United Kingdom, and the Irish Free State.

The Editor reserves the right to disqualify any applicant for any reason which he considers good and sufficient.

POST AT ONCE

CUT HERE—DO NOT SEPARATE THESE FORMS

YOU FILL IN THIS FORM.

This form brings the **10/6 Gift Voucher**

LEAVE BLANK

RESERVATION FORM A.

To be filled in by the reader of "John Bull" who is introducing a new reader.

This Form reserves a Genuine Half-Guinea "Gillette" Razor Set in your name.

To "John Bull" (Dept. A.2), Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

In accordance with your special offer, please set aside and reserve a Half-Guinea "Gillette" Razor Set in my name in return for my introducing the following new reader, who has signed Form B, and who undertakes to give "John Bull" a trial for eight consecutive weeks.

Give Name and Address of **New Reader** below:—

.....

.....

.....

Please send me official Gift Voucher for the Free Half-Guinea "Gillette" Razor Set. I have read and agree to abide by the conditions governing this offer. I am not already qualifying for a Free "John Bull" "Gillette" Razor Set under this Scheme.

NAME.....

ADDRESS .....

A.2

DATE.....

ARE YOU A REGISTERED READER OF "JOHN BULL"?..... (Required for reference purposes only. Please state "Yes" or "No.")

N.B.—If you are not already a registered reader you may if you wish enclose Registration Form from page 2 of cover. Send 1d. stamped addressed envelope for acknowledgment of your registration.

NEWSAGENT'S NAME AND ADDRESS:—

.....

.....

.....

PLEASE WRITE VERY CLEARLY.

YOUR FRIEND FILLS IN THIS FORM.

This form brings the **10/6 Gift Voucher**

LEAVE BLANK

RESERVATION FORM B.

This Form MUST be filled in by the new reader who is introduced by the reader of "John Bull."

This Form reserves a Genuine Half-Guinea "Gillette" Razor Set in your name

To "John Bull," (Dept. A.2), Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

This is to certify that "John Bull" has been introduced to me by: (Give below name and address of "John Bull" reader who introduced you.)

.....

.....

.....

I am not at present a reader of "John Bull," and I have not purchased "John Bull" for the past three months, and I undertake to give "John Bull" a trial for eight consecutive weeks.

In accordance with your special offer, please set aside and reserve in my name a Half-Guinea "Gillette" Razor Set. Also, please send me official Gift Voucher for the Free Half Guinea "Gillette" Razor Set.* I have read and agreed to abide by the conditions governing this offer:

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

DATE.....

NEWSAGENT'S NAME AND ADDRESS:

.....

.....

.....

*Please note that your friend will hand you your official Gift Voucher. It is being sent to him together with his own

PLEASE WRITE VERY CLEARLY.

No Person may qualify for more than one Gift Set.

No person may qualify by more than one Gift Set.

J.B. 19.9.25. These forms should be posted together by the "John Bull" reader in an unsealed envelope bearing ½d. B.T.

DO NOT SEPARATE THESE FORMS—POST THEM BOTH TOGETHER TO "J[illegible]"

'Lucanas'—the Clubman's favourite.

Year in and year out devotees of

'Lucanas' — the *luxury* cigarettes. That is what hundreds of thousands of smokers are.

Once a smoker discovers 'Lucanas,' the satisfaction they give is such that no blandishments can lure him away. To him, *'Lucanas' are an institution.*

Day by day new smokers are discovering 'Lucanas'—the ever-growing sales prove it. They find out that for quality, for subtlety in blending, for bouquet—for sheer joy in smoking—'Lucanas' are in a class apart.

The popular price 'Lucanas' have all the superb qualities of the old big *expensive* 'Lucanas' which have, for a quarter of a century, been smoked by the élite the world over. A change in the size and packing account for the lower price. The 'Lucanas' at 20 for 1/– thus set a new standard of value.

'Lucana'

Lucana

Pronounced: Lu-kah-na

The *Luxury* Cigarettes

The old & famous 'Lucana' Quality yet only

6D for 10

Plain or Cork-tipped Virginia —or Turkish.

SHALL THE WORKERS ARM?

by CHARLES PILLEY

OUR mock Lenins and imitation Mussolinis are breeding civil war. Let the workers beware lest political buffoonery leads to disaster

MAN, for all his boasted attainments, has not yet quite outgrown the nursery habits of his early ancestors. He is apt in moments of exasperation to smash either toys or tools.

"Arm the workers," yells the political buffoon, never realising that if such a mad escapade were possible we should be back in the muck and squalor of the Middle Ages, in the bloody throes of civil war. The curious thing is that threats of this kind fall usually from the lips of so-called "progressive" politicians.

The idealist in a frenzy of impatience is fatally apt to play the idiot. "Give us the millennium," cry the fanatics, "give it us quickly, or in the sacred cause of human brotherhood we will break your heads!"

Not that all the blame lies with the followers of Mr. Wheatley. If Lenin was an evil portent, so too is Mussolini. Communism is one thing, Fascism another; but both are bad things. Both are reversions to barbarism.

An awful massacre

If the workers, under the spell of Mr. Wheatley's fiery eloquence, were ever to wage real war on the employing class they would fight at a horrible disadvantage. It is money that buys machine-guns. No British Government would stand by and see the industrialists forced to their knees; while against the disciplined forces of the crown the "armed workers" would stand as much chance as raw native levies against picked European troops. As far as the insurgent workers were concerned the result would be not a battle but a massacre. It would be miserable, but it would not be war.

The mischief of "Wheatleyism," if one may coin a word to describe the special brand of Bolshevism served up for British consumption, is that it is so damnably contagious. No sooner does the Hyde Park Communist descend from his rostrum than up jumps some fool in a black shirt threatening to invoke the mailed fists of a million mock Fascists in defence of law and order.

The Rt. Hon. J. Wheatley, a fiery advocate of the class war

In Italy, as we know, an orgy of Communist violence gave birth to Fascism. If there had been no Lenin there would have been no Mussolini. The history of Europe in these last few years is full of these pitiful ironies.

Now our mock Lenins and Mussolinis are bent on bringing warfare to our very doors, urging us to abandon the ballot-box in favour of the bludgeon. Outside Bedlam was ever such madness heard?

Pacifist preaching war

A few years ago Mr. Wheatley was known as a "pacificist." The killing of Germans was "murder" from which his sensitive conscience shrank in horror. Now, forsooth, he bids the workers be prepared, if need be, to shed their blood in a "class war," in which Englishmen who fought side by side in Flanders are to enjoy the inestimable felicity of slitting one another's throats.

What pitiful absurdity! If the ten million militant workers who figure in the perorations of Mr. Wheatley and Mr. Cook are really in earnest they have only to use their votes and they can have their Socialist Commonwealth whenever they please. Literally, it will come for the asking—as soon as the majority asks. No need for bludgeons or bayonets, for bullets or brickbats, for broken heads or broken hearts.

A shambles and a sepulchre

One thing only can stay the triumphant march of British democracy, and that is a capitulation to the gospel of force which has made Russia a shambles and Italy the sepulchre of the hard-won freedom once her glorious boast.

There is no more disquieting feature in present-day politics than the readiness of each zealous faction to brandish the big stick over the heads of opponents.

The path of violence leads straight back to the jungle. The apostles of brute force, whatever badge they wear, are inviting us to retrace our steps along the road that has borne us upward from the apes. The sword is far and away the worst building implement in the human tool-shed.

Some day, no doubt, the British people will realise the stupendous fact that they are a self-governing nation, that they can have any form of social organisation they choose, that the ballot is the almighty lever of human betterment.

Then, perhaps, we shall hear less of this nonsense of playing soldiers in a world still strewn with war-refuse which any spark may send flaming upward in a hideous bonfire of human hopes.

Slaves of the Vestry

by The REV. BRUCE CORNHAM

SWEATED labour—the labour that turns men and women into slaves—has been the subject of much criticism of late, and it has been suggested that the Church could win back some of its lost popularity by taking the side of the oppressed workers and demanding decent working conditions.

It appears to be forgotten that, if the Church attacked sweated labour, it would be attacking one of its own principles!

There is no greater offender in this respect than the Church. In every village and town in the country there are hard-working parsons striving to live decently on the pittance that the wealthiest Church in the world doles out for preaching the Word of God.

It is the duty of these men—nay, it is the "calling" of these men—to preach love, generosity, gratitude, good-living, while all the time their thoughts are full of wretched moneylenders, the ailing and poorly fed wife and children at home, and the possibility of bankruptcy.

THE Church may attack the employers of sweated labour. They may condemn the men who steal away the lives of poor girls and women and ultimately throw these girls into the gutter. But the Church itself does not turn its back when, more as a conscience salve than anything else, these same men give generous gifts to the Church and its associations.

We all know that the Church should not accept these monetary gifts. We all know that the sources from which they come are tainted sources—that the money is bought with the wasted lives of poor labour-slaves—but the merry game goes on, the Church waxes rich, and its poor preachers starve for the glory of God.

I KNOW of good Christian men who have started out as clergymen because they believed in Christianity. They believed in the Bible, they believed in their creed, they believed that the Church was the medium for the conversion of all bad-thinking and bad-living people.

I have talked with them many years after that first day when, filled with fire, they went forth to conquer. One and all have become embittered, not with the men and women of their congregation, not with life itself, but with their Church, that countenanced conditions that encouraged sin and made life a mockery.

You cannot expect men to retain their illusions and their faith when they have before them continually the dread spectre of poverty and starvation.

The women of these men are plucky souls. Theirs is a much greater struggle than is popularly imagined.

There is a belief that clergymen and their wives have an "easy time," and that their calling is one that gives them social position and influence. It is this very "position" that makes their struggle the harder.

They must live on a scale that is away above their income. The better the district in which they work, the more difficult it is to keep abreast with the financial tide.

They seldom complain. They accept their lot fairly quietly. But Christianity and the Church, and the welfare of thousands of people, are suffering while the clergy are being impoverished.

Therefore, any attack on sweated labour that is made by the Church will be an attack of hypocrisy. The Church's tongue will be in its cheek while the attack is being made, and there will be little of sincerity and less of conviction in any denouncements of "callous and brutal employers."

WHAT is wrong with the Church? is a frequent cry of those who do not understand the inside conditions. The truth is that the Church is like many another industrial concern. Its profits are not evenly distributed. They are too heavy at the top and too light at the bottom.

When there is co-operation between employer and worker in industry, the Church may be forced to fall into line.

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See that the paper band is intact

Words Winged to Women

Joy Riding to Destruction

The Safety Line for Girls

by **MABEL HORNER**

EVERY year in this country there are thirty-five thousand persons reported as missing. So far as their friends are concerned, they leave no trace behind them. They just mysteriously disappear from mortal ken. Moreover, their number is increasing. Scotland Yard has become seriously alarmed about it, for, mark the sinister fact, *a very large proportion of the vanished are girls.*

We know what happens in isolated instances when girls disappear. We know what happened at The Crumbles, and later when poor young Elsie Cameron could not be found. Public suspicion was aroused; the full machinery of the law was set in motion, and, heavy with retributive vengeance, finally brought the murderer to his doom. But by that time it is too late to help the victim.

That is why we must attack this problem, and see what can be done to check this steady drift of young girls to misery and destruction.

Perhaps because there is nothing spectacular about this drift the public are lulled into indifference. There is no fuss, no outcry, when girls are spirited away.

No trace left behind

Take examples from the last few days. Iris Grace Watkins, a pretty shop assistant at Blackwood, Monmouthshire, goes out at dusk to post some letters. She never comes back. An all-night search fails to reveal the slightest trace. Nor is she heard of since.

Two little Clapton girls, Alice Pemberton, aged fourteen, and Jessie Florence Horne, aged fifteen, leave home in the morning to go to work, but instead they disappear, and all their frantic friends can do is to supply descriptions of the missing girls to the police.

Hannah Rowlands, a girl of nineteen, left her place of service in Llanegryn to spend the day with her parents at Aberystwyth, and from the moment of her setting forth she might have melted into thin air. So with Gladys Gill, missing from her home in Addiscombe Gardens, Margate, and Mary Simpson, from her home in Nicholson Road, Sheffield.

A vicious ring

That some of the girls go willingly is proved by the fact that Florence Horne and Alice Pemberton are believed to have been seen in the vicinity of a railway-station, while the facts of Mary Simpson's disappearance are even more significant.

This child, big and clever for her age, lived with her parents. Invited to accompany them to the theatre she declined on plea of headache. They went alone, and returned to find her vanished, but she had taken with her all her clothes.

The truth is that the white-slave traffic is again in full swing, taking toll of the girlhood of this country. In the year 1912 a demand went forth for its suppression. That agitation might have had splendid results, but war intervened.

But it is now more than seven years since the last shot was fired in France, and it is imperative that a new war should at once begin against this most infamous traffic. It is said to be in the hands of an international ring, with agents in every country, for entrapping young and unwary girls.

The agitation of 1912 must be revived. No matter what the difficulties of publicity, the light of day must be let in upon the ramifications of this ugly crime.

Sir William Horwood, Chief C.I.D. who at Scotland Yard is opening a central bureau for missing persons

And most of all our girls themselves must be more discreet. The modern girl is not a fool. If she is intelligent enough to go out into the world of men and earn her living, she is able to appreciate the risks by which she is surrounded.

Dance-halls, cinemas, motor-cars are all pressed into service by crooks. In picking up chance acquaintances, girls run headlong into perils. A joy-ride may end in a house of infamy.

Neither Act of Parliament nor public agitation will succeed in putting down the white-slave traffic so long as girls ignore all rules of safety and rush headlong into danger to destroy themselves.

Cheating the Hospitals!

Simple Rules of Health

by **DR. OCTAVIA LEWIN, M.B., B.Sc.**

THE most wonderful teachers ever known in any country or any age taught us a lesson which we should never forget—they emphasised the immense importance of the early years of life. Given control of a child for the first seven years, they could establish an ascendancy that was lifelong.

During that formative period they were untiring in the cultivation of the habits they desired to establish. When that was done, they cared little what might happen to the child's environment.

The formation of right physical habits is just as important, and the first seven years settle them much more firmly than many people imagine. Indeed, it is true that the first seven months are responsible for some habits that are lifelong, habits that can be broken—if at all—only with great difficulty.

MANY a promising career is ruined by ill-health, which is the direct result of neglect during infancy. Broadly considered, health is necessary to success in life. Now and again we hear of invalids who, by sheer strength of will, break through their bonds and astonish the world by their achievements, but these are the exceptions.

A healthy mind in a sound body is the desire of every mother for her child, and she naturally strives hard to secure it. Nobody can assume the duty and the privilege that are hers. She can do for her child what no other power can.

SOME blessings she and she alone can give her child; good habits are among them. She is conscious of many others not under her control. She cannot entirely overcome poor conditions, the evils of overcrowding, of bad housing, of ill-ventilated sleeping accommodation, and of a too scanty diet. These are problems generally beyond her power to solve.

It would be unfair to throw the whole burden of building a healthy nation upon the mothers. Fathers have a governing share in these big matters, and to a certain extent it is true to say that their wives and little ones are as dependent upon them for their health as they are for maintenance. Angels themselves would find it difficult to keep pure and sweet and healthy in some of our slums of to-day.

That being kept well in view, we are not liable to blame mothers for other people's shortcomings. What some of them may reasonably be blamed for is ignorance. There is an appalling amount of ignorance concerning the simplest rules of healthy living, and not, be it remarked, only among the very poor.

A genius may become so absorbed in some scientific problem that he will forget to eat his dinner, and be unconscious of hunger. So will other lesser people become absorbed with something or other, and forget the daily needs of the body. They will pay high fees for long cures and for a bit of teaching their mother should have given them, beginning before language had any meaning for them.

Doctors make most of their money out of bad habits like the one of giving way to constipation. Fewer hospitals would be required in twenty or thirty years' time if mothers of to-day gave this simple health rule the attention it deserves.

MOTHERS, on the whole, are much better instructed than earlier generations were, but there will doubtless be some who will raise incredulous eyebrows over the idea that this devastating habit of constipation is largely an infliction from ignorant or careless mothers. It is.

The right way to cure it is not by drugs, but by natural habits, exercise in the open air, and a diet containing plenty of fresh fruits, fats, and green vegetables.

Undoubtedly, the best person to effect a cure in a child is the mother, and the best time to cure it is before the child is born. That is where honest enquiry often lands us: it is just as well for us to know it.

KNOW!
Don't guess!

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You know how, in business and social life, the ignorant man is at a discount, but respect and success are won by the man who is sure of his ground.

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Mr. Drage: Not absolutely new. Every insurance company gives a surrender value. But new in its application to furnishing out of income.

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Mr. Everyman: That's most reasonable. It gives me confidence to open an account with you—one I would never have opened under ordinary hire-purchase terms. I've chosen £80 worth of furniture. Will you accept £8 now and 40/- a month afterwards?

Mr. Drage: I think it a most fair suggestion, and I'm delighted to agree to it. All the furniture will be delivered to your home at Barnet within 48 hours from now.

Mr. Everyman: Without waiting to hear from my references?

Mr. Drage: We trust our clients, Mr. Everyman. The old-fashioned system of asking references or securities does not exist here. Nor does the common practice of making charges for interest and credit.

Mr. Everyman: Then I pay nothing for the credit and protection you give me?

Mr. Drage: Not a single penny. £80 is all you have to pay, and you have three years to pay it in.

Mr. Everyman: That's splendid! Thank you, Mr. Drage.

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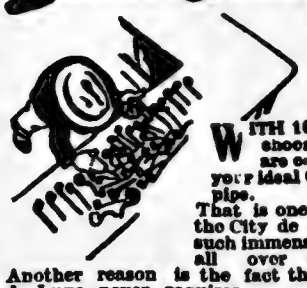

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The finest quality, fully matured bruyère root from which it is made is specially hardened to ensure a cool, sweet smoke right from the first.
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OPPENHEIMERS

Human Documents

Mother or Mate?

Marrying a Cripple—A Cowardly Resort—Urged to Falsehood

PROBLEMS that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer are suppressed so that the authors may not be identified. In cases that are too intimate or are not of sufficient interest to be helpful to others, correspondents must send stamped addressed envelopes if they wish to be answered through the post. Ten shillings is sent to each of the writers of the first four letters printed.

"MINE is the problem of a battle between two strong opposing forces—the case of mother or mate. I am a medical student, and naturally, up to now, have been dependent. My father, a man of moderate means, desired that his six children should have a better start in life than fell to his lot. His dream was a University education and a profession for all. Unfortunately, I, the eldest, was the only one he had the opportunity of sending to college.

"When my father died I felt that my duty to my mother and the younger members of the family lay in giving up my career, and doing whatever work presented itself. My mother, however, pleaded with me to carry on my studies.

"Before my father's death, I met a girl to whom I became so deeply attached that I asked her to wait until I should qualify, and set up in medical practice, and then we would marry. Three years have passed since then, which have served to bind us closer together. She has had several better offers of marriage, but she has refused them all in my favour.

"NOW comes my problem. I am approaching my final exams., and in a letter recently my sister wrote rejoicing in the fact, and saying how delighted she was to know that soon I would be in a position to help my mother.

"I know how good my mother has been to me, and I am deeply grateful. But what of my girl? She loves me deeply, and has waited patiently. Is she to see the ripened fruit snatched from her at the last moment?

"A profession, though a solid foundation, is not a bed of roses. I shall have to work hard indeed, and economise in every direction, to support a wife, and if the first fruits of my labours are to go to my mother, then all that we have hoped for recedes into the distant future.

"Can you help me, 'Humanist,' which of these duties I should choose?"

"Humanist" says:—*I notice that it is not your mother herself who has made the suggestion that the first fruits of your labours should go to her. She must be fully aware of your desire and intention to marry as soon as you set up in practice, and I should think she would be quite satisfied with anything that you are able to spare after you have provided for the necessities of yourself and your wife. It may seem hard on your sister that the greater part of the burden should remain on her shoulders, but she should remember that Martha and Mary were equally commended.*

"MY problem really had its birth nearly sixteen years ago, when I was a schoolgirl. At that time I was almost invariably accompanied to and from school by a boy about my own age. We used to cycle together, and on our return journey we would perform all sorts of dare-devil tricks on our machines.

A Crippled Playmate

"One day I dared my companion to ride up a sloping wall. He realised that it was a dangerous thing to do, but just to show me that he was not afraid he attempted it. I shall never forget the terrible consequences of my daring him to attempt this feat. He was so badly injured that he was crippled for life, and very narrowly missed being killed on the spot.

"Since those days our friendship has grown deeper and stronger, and I have done everything in my power to keep him happy and cheerful. Lately, however, he has appeared to be miserable, through something preying on his mind, and, when I asked him to tell me what the trouble was, he confessed that he loved me and desired me for his wife, but he felt that his crippled condition was an insurmountable barrier.

"While I feel a strong affection for him, I do not love him in the way I think a woman should love her husband. Once again, recently, he has begged me to marry him, and I have since been wondering whether I did right to refuse, or whether, seeing that his crippled condition was caused by my foolishly daring him, I am not under an obligation to give him the happiness for which he craves. Please help me to decide."

"Humanist" says:—*I do not think you are called upon to condone for the sad result of a childish prank by making such a sacrifice. It is very doubtful indeed whether you could make him really happy if you do not love him.*

"SOME time ago one of my neighbours came to me in great distress, being unable to raise a rather large sum of money to pay a debt. She was in terror lest her home should be sold up. I managed to scrape together £10, which enabled the poor woman to get out of her difficulty.

Stolen Security

"Though I was quite prepared to trust her, she handed me some jewellery by way of security, telling me that if she found it impossible to refund the money, the sale of this jewellery would recompense me for the greater part of the loan. I never received any payment, and not long afterwards the woman left the neighbourhood, and I have not heard from her since.

"Now I am rather badly in need myself, and I was on the point of selling this jewellery when a friend of mine told me that this very woman, before leaving the neighbourhood, had done her an injury in not returning some jewellery that she had lent to her. When she described the jewellery, I realised at once that she was speaking of the security which had been handed to me.

"What I want to know now is whether I should be doing right in selling the jewellery to recoup myself or whether it is my duty to hand it over to the original owner."

"Humanist" says:—*The only possible course for you to adopt is to hand over the jewellery to the rightful owner. Indeed, if you do otherwise, you will be committing a serious wrong, and the owner could make things unpleasant for you if she took the matter to court.*

JOHN BULL'S 10/6 GIFT to you and your friend

See page 21.

"AS a master tradesman, I was successful for many years, till I consented to read a paper on temperance at the chapel to which I belong. I denounced drink to such effect that I soon found myself boycotted in business, and not long ago I had to shut up shop. The district in which I live is represented on the local authority by two publicans and a bookmaker.

Intemperate Temperance

"The minister of the chapel has also suffered in the same way. He also denounced the drinking habits of some of the members of his flock so fiercely that he soon lost half his congregation.

"So far as I can see, the only way in which I can hope to recover my position in the town is to become a member of one of the largest drinking clubs here, and so court the favour of the people. Yet, was I not right in denouncing the crying evils which I see around me?"

"Humanist" says:—*I am sorry that you should have lost your business and the minister his appointment, but I am afraid your temperance must be of a very intemperate kind if it arouses such anger among your customers and among his flock. You can lead where you cannot drive, and persuasion is better than denunciation.*

Giving Up Hope

"I suffer with a distressing malady for which, I understand, there is no cure. I am often tempted to commit suicide—the pain at times is almost unbearable. What can I do? Suicide appears to be the best way out of my troubles."

"Humanist" says: *My sympathy is indeed yours, but I would counsel you to show a stronger spirit, despite the adversity that has befallen you. Talk of suicide is foolish, and I am sure that on reflection you will dismiss from your mind such a cowardly way out. Consult your medical man again, asking if he can put you in touch with a hospital likely to give you further treatment.*

A Woman's Fear

"I am engaged to a girl who tells me that she thinks we ought not to marry, as she is afraid she will be unable to have any children. Her family history gives some point to her fears, but we love each other so dearly that I personally am quite prepared to marry her, even though my greatest desire may never be fulfilled. Should I be wrong in marrying in such circumstances?"

"Humanist" says:—*The desire for children is a normal, healthy aspiration, but the knowledge that it can never be gratified need not necessarily debar you from happiness. I should advise you to seek medical advice.*

A Hidden Secret

"My husband rescued me from the streets. He does not know how far I had gone in the way of sin. I told him I was an orphan, and he never questioned me. Now my parents, who are very grateful that I have made a good marriage, would naturally like to meet his people. How can I tell him that I have lied to him for three years, knowing that his relatives have accepted my story as true?"

"Humanist" says:—*If you have shown by your conduct since you were married that you are in every way worthy of your husband's love and affection, I think you should tell him that your desire to be respectably married led you into a lie. I think you may feel sure of his sympathy, and you can leave it to him to decide whether his people should be told the facts.*

Almost before you know it

After an Erasmic shave just stroke your chin and reflect on these facts. The successful shave is not the one you take the most trouble over. On the contrary, it is the shave that happens almost before you are aware of it, and leaves you wondering whether you have shaved at all—until you look in the glass.

That is the Erasmic shave. The beard, softened by Erasmic, has gone with hardly an effort. The skin, having nothing to recover from, feels miraculously smoother, but otherwise just as before.

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In decorated tin 1/-
Nickel case - 1/3
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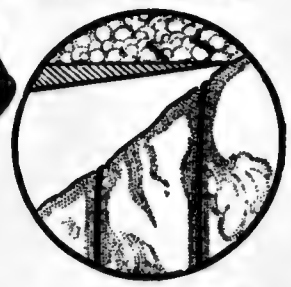
ERASMIC, PERFUMERS, LONDON AND PARIS

If you look at a hair under a microscope you will see that it is composed of hundreds of overlapping scales. These render the hair armour-plated and tend to make the razor slip over, rather than cut the hair. A light, fluffy lather is powerless against these scales (or laminæ as they are called).



The minute water-holding bubbles of Erasmic Shaving Stick penetrate the defences and hold the scales open. This makes it easy for the razor to cut clean through the hair, with a minimum of strain on the skin cells. In addition, Erasmic contains healing balms which have a wonderful soothing and cooling effect.

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17/9

This Glace Oxford Shoe with patent toe-cap is altogether a most reliable model, equally popular for smart appearance and excellent wearing qualities. In sizes and half sizes 5—10 17/9.

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No matter where you go, or how far you look, you'll not find shoes equal in value to F.H.W's famous Burlingtons.

In 50 years the firm of F.H.W. has grown by supplying a huge public with footwear that gives real comfort, excellent appearance, and fine wear, *at extremely low prices.*

F.H.W's dominating size and tremendous manufacturing resources alone make these low prices possible.

And that is why Burlington footwear is the finest value you can find *anywhere* to-day.

TEST BURLINGTON VALUE BY POST.

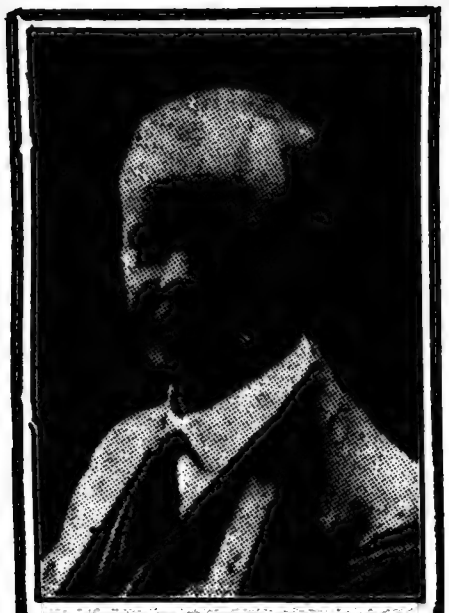
Order a pair of Burlingtons. Simply state shoe number and size and send pencil outline of your foot with remittance. (Foreign orders must include enough for postage.) We send goods post free in U.K. *and guarantee to satisfy you.*
If you wish, first send postcard for F.H.W. catalogue, which shows scores of styles.

Freeman, Hardy and Willis, Ltd.,
500 SHOPS 500 SHOPS
106, Rutland Street, Leicester

COOL TO THE LAST SHRED.

It goes into your pipe fresh, fragrant, enticing. It tumbles out a clean, fine ash leaving no half-burned embers, no waste—and no regrets.

St. Julien
TOBACCO
A Tobacco of uncommon Merit
per 10½D. oz.



MAJOR ROBINSON

late Wireless head of R.A.F., who writes on

"DEATH RAY SECRETS REVEALED"

in THE NEW PAPER

"WIRELESS"

The One-Word Weekly.

52 PAGES **2D.**

A "*RADIO PRESS*" PAPER

Editor:

PERCY W. HARRIS, M.I.R.E.

SOMETHING *REALLY* NEW!

Other Features:

"Broadcasting the Movies"
By Captain P. P. Eckersley.

"The Wireless Spy Menace"
By William Le Queux.

"The New ST. 100 Receiver"
By John Scott-Taggart.

"American Receiver Design"
(No. 1 of Series.)
By Percy W. Harris.

"Making a Crystal Set in Half-an-Hour"
By Percy W. Harris.

"Circuits You Will Use This Winter"
By John Scott-Taggart.

No. 1

ON SALE TO-DAY!

Our Letter Parliament

Dumb Victims of Science

"Red" Advertising—A Tip to Parents—A Righteous Boycott

The Price of Progress

Mabel Horner's article, "Victims of Science," will arouse the indignation of your readers. The fact that such bestiality as she records is allowed ought to make us all realise our responsibility and support everything which makes for its abolition. If our future progress has to depend on cruelty to the dumb creation, then, for heaven's sake, let us sink into oblivion.—*W. P., Dalton-in-Furness.*

A Moving Picture

The article on vivisection will make the stoutest heart cringe. Cannot we women do more towards doing away with this terrible cruelty? There used to be a picture, at Snow Hill station, Birmingham, depicting a vivisector operating on a little dog. Its paws were bandaged and it sat up begging. Could we not have more of these pictures in public places to make the people realise what is going on.—*M. R., Manchester.*

Scientific Atrocities

"Victims of Science" ought to be broadcast throughout the kingdom. Public opinion would soon put an end to such fearful atrocities, even though committed in the name of "science." JOHN BULL seems to be the only journal of repute to regard these matters as important, and that is one reason why I wish speedy success to the million.—*One of Them, Tottenham.*

Hours of Agony

It is much to be regretted that scientists are destroying animals daily in experimenting for obtaining new forms of gas, a deadly horror of war. For such purposes vivisection should certainly be stopped. Surely though much good has come from it? Do we not owe the present-day efficiency of our surgeons to such vivisection? Better an animal lose its life if men's can be saved from such a result.—*Both Sides, London.*

Cruelty and Sport

When will animals be fully protected by law? A vigilant R.S.P.C.A. keeps watch on city streets and courts generally give cruelty its due. But what of the so-called "sport" of fox-hunting, as practised by country gentlemen and dispensers of justice? Where can the line be drawn between sport and cruelty? Again, to exploit poison-gas, in days of peace, unresisting animals are done to death, and all in the cause of science, a science closely related to murder.—*Prevention, Midlothian.*

Ghastly Humour

1,001 animals killed in poison-gas experiments in one year, and only seven years since the ending of "the war that was to end wars"! This in a Christian community which is supposed to be striving after universal peace. Meanwhile Christmas is coming round once more, and again the strains of "Peace on earth and mercy mild" will echo over the earth. The ghastly humour of it all!—*L. R. M., Whitley.*

A Cruel Alliance

Mabel Horner's article is cruelly enlightening as to the "horrors" in experimental science. It would appear that barbarianism and science are closely allied. The barbarian was to be excused in his ignorance; but the scientist cannot be. A great effort should be made to have this question thrashed out in debate in the House. Unfortunately, a Government which would use poison-gas on human beings is not likely to have much sympathy with dumb animals.—*Anti-Vivisectionist, Dundee.*

Brief to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited. 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter Parliament."

A Fellow Feeling

It is thought provoking when Philip Inman confesses that he has only attained true brotherhood towards the sufferers by going through their hell. His illustration is graphic; he touches the point on the crown of thorns, and understands. Is it not such understanding for which the nation craves in its sicknesses? The executive classes cannot imagine the troubles of the masses they govern. Perhaps, if they could touch the crown of thorns, they would begin to understand—and alleviate.—*M. I., Barnsley.*

"Cowards" who Stand By

I was much interested in "Non-Swimmer's" difficulty in a case of drowning, and, while admitting the truth of what he says, my answer is, "Learn to swim." Swimming lessons of an hour a week should be made compulsory in schools, except in cases of weak heart, etc. In this way there would be no more drowning accidents.—*Swimmer, Leith.*

"Bolshies'" Publicity Agents

The "Red" element in our midst is not nearly so dangerous as we are led to believe by the "stunt" newspapers which delight in scare headlines. By publishing the details of every incident where they think they scent anything revolutionary, the alarmist Press is only defeating its own object, for the attention riveted on the "Reds" is invaluable for their propaganda work. The idea of our constitutional Press being the unwitting publicity agents of the "Bolshies" is irresistibly comic.—*W. L., Liverpool.*

"Uncle's" Interest

A great deal has been written about the slum moneylender, but very little about the slum pawnbroker. The latter is legally restricted in his rate of interest, but the restriction is a farce. Take an example. A woman is in the habit of pledging a bundle every Monday for 2s. 3d., and redeeming it every Saturday. She receives in actual cash 2s. 1d., and when she redeems it she has to pay the pawnbroker 2s. 4d. Would one of your mathematical readers care to work out the percentage per annum?—*Disinterested, Liverpool.*

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"GIRLS' FRIEND":—"There, under the bridge, RATHER WHITE, but evidently none the worse for his experience, AS BROWN AS A NATIVE himself, stood Jim Montague."

"BOYS' CINEMA":—"With one knee on the saddle, THE OTHER IN THE STIRRUP, he jumped."

"WOMAN'S WORLD":—"The old Vicar who had baptised and CONFIRMED us both spoke the words that made us man and wife."

"BIRMINGHAM MAIL" (Advert.):—"WOOD Turners and Improvers FOR BISCUITS AND SALADS."

"SCHOOLGIRLS' WEEKLY":—"Joy's agonised CRY came to her EYES."

"IDEAS":—"With one stroke of a paw he ripped the man's ARM from WRIST to FINGER TIPS."

Parents as Pals

To give sound parental advice is all very well, but a number of parents make the mistake of not inviting their children's confidences. It is not enough to be just mother and father; they must be pals as well. If boys and girls were allowed to bring their friends home, parents would be able to judge whether or not they are the kind of friends they would have them choose. In this way less harm will befall our young people, and fewer aching hearts for parents.—*B. Taylor, Oldham.*

Boycott Slave-tainted Goods

The Rt. Hon. Philip Snowden, M.P., brings home to us the great wrong which we all countenance, if not actively, at least tacitly. We do not realise that we ourselves help to underpay by purchasing "slave-tainted goods. What good comes of forming societies for promoting the brotherhood of man if we do not all realise ourselves members of the great society of humanity? Let each one of us help to boycott goods, the production of which involves cruelty and injustice.—*J. S., Portsmouth.*

Clean Plays

It is time that serious attention was paid to the suppression of the so-called "sex" plays which are now so common on the English stage? It might be argued that they only represent life as it is. But, if we want a brighter, cleaner and happier England, plays of the nature referred to are not conducive to that state. Both stage and Press are important factors in national life. When both are "clean," much will have been done to assist the public to the bright ideal for which we all yearn.—*H. G. H., Kennington.*

Slaves in Smart Frocks

"Dangle's" article, "Bleeding the Barmaid," is an eye-opener. Few of your readers imagined that the women who serve them with their glass of beer are compelled to spend eighty hours each week in the unhealthy surroundings generally encountered in a public-house bar. When also we read that the wages paid compare unfavourably with those of a charwoman, and remember that a good appearance and smart clothes are insisted upon, one cannot but wonder how those smart frocks are to be paid for. It is time, indeed, that some reform was insisted upon.—*W. S., Hornsey.*

Report Kindness

For the information of railroad users in the United States, the following notice is prominently displayed throughout Pullman and dining-cars: "Any unusual service on the part of employees or attendants towards passengers should be reported to the general manager, so that appropriate recognition can be made when promotions are under consideration." Here, in Britain, the negative attitude towards employees—"Any incivility on the part of employees should be reported, etc."—is the advice to passengers.—*P. E. F., Ayr.*

A Penny-a-week Envelope

A penny per week for the "Greatest of These——" Fund is a very small request, but somethin; is needed to keep it in mind, so I have just made a JOHN BULL envelope for this purpose. Take the yellow cover, double it, then fold in three, dovetail the side, but keep the big words "John Bull" right on the front. A touch of gum for the bottom and the other end folded over (flap-wise) and it is ready for the pennies. I commend this plan to your readers.—*J. M., Aberdeen.*

Have You Seen the New

EDISWAN

"COMPACTUM"

2-Valve Set

?

A two-valve set that will work a Loud-Speaker

FOR

£2 : 15 : 0

STAND 26,
Wireless Exhibition, Albert Hall,
September 12-23.

DO NOT FAIL TO SEE THE NEW

EDISWAN

H. T. ACCUMULATOR

The Battery which overcomes all your H.T. Troubles.

STAND No. 26
M.A.R.H.A.T. WIRELESS EXHIBITION
Royal Albert Hall, London.

Remember
EDISWAN VALVES
Improve any Set.

Radio Talks

Photographs by Wireless

by Professor A. M. LOW, Fellow of the Radio Association

IT has hardly been possible during the last few weeks to read a newspaper without hearing of "wave-length tests" from Geneva. It may be that the home of the League of Nations is destined to become famous as a clearing-house to deal with international broadcasting.

Wireless has reduced distance to nothing. It is necessary, therefore, that there should be some kind of central control, and at Geneva experiments have been conducted to determine what wave-lengths are best for the different stations.

Yet it is not possible in wireless to-day to select wave-lengths with ease. Selectivity is hardly known, and to some extent listeners rely upon the actual loudness of one station drowning another, or to "absorb" from the unwanted station, so that it will not be heard.

When real selection becomes practicable it will be easy for calls to be put in from our house to overseas, and for the æ her controller to call up someone to whom we wish to speak.

ONLY a few years ago to *see* by wireless was looked upon as a theatrical joke, but it is an accomplished fact in the laboratory, and by transmitting every little section of a photograph so fast that they become super-imposed one upon the other, as in the case of a cinematograph, actual vision can be accomplished.

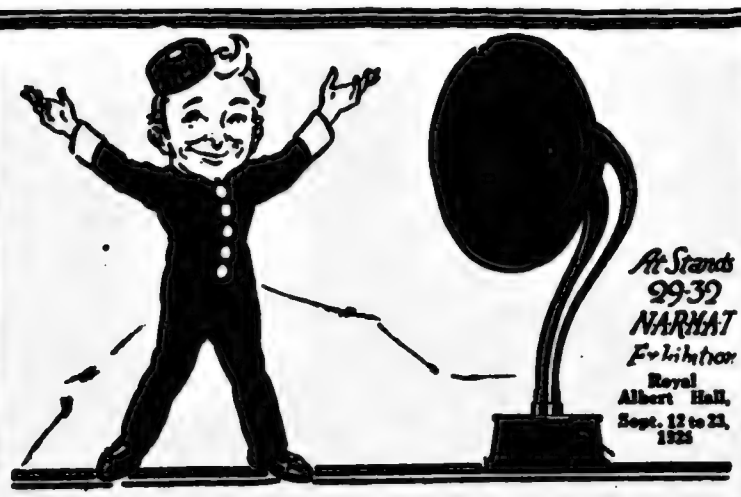
Definite signals are sent out to keep one apparatus at the transmitting end working together with that receiving the pictures, and these signals can be heard. In the near future a great difficulty will arise, for, unless proper selection or beam transmission is brought to perfection, we might, if the apparatus was available, pick up other people's pictures or even select one half from one picture and the other half from another.

FOR all these reasons, wireless listeners-in should not be content with inefficient results, and they should remember that the beginning of wireless efficiency lies in a good aerial and earth.

The greatest care should be taken to solder every joint on both aerial and earth wires. If a straight, well-soldered wire cannot be taken to a main water-pipe a large piece of metal should be buried quite 2 ft in a damp place. By pouring a bucket of water over the earth where this plate is sunk results can often be improved

When trouble is caused by the proximity of electric railways or tramlines, results can sometimes be improved by the use of a "counter-poise" earth, and by varying the direction of the aerial.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee. All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test, which have been approved by our experts are marked—In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.
Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull."
Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.
ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."



Here we are again!

The **STERLING**

DINKIE

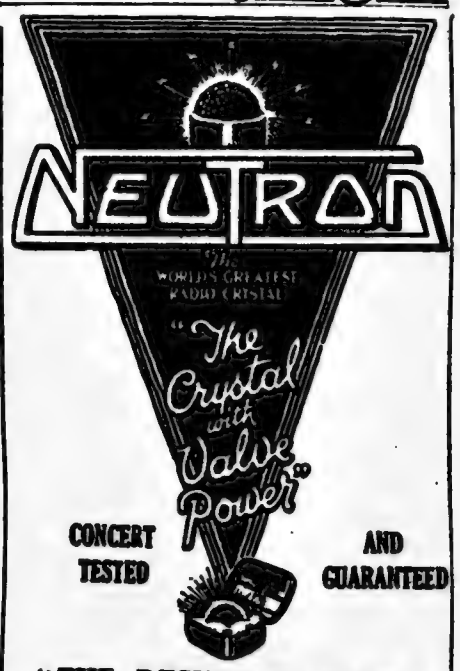
LOUD SPEAKER

Takes the sting out of winter

The Sterling Dinkie Loud Speaker will bring the sunshine of radio music, song and interest to your fireside this winter. Dinkie is tone true, wonderfully loud—nothing equals it in value at thirty shillings. Hear before you buy—at your radio dealers.

30/-

Announcement of THE MARCONIPHONE COMPANY, LIMITED,
210-212 Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1
Sole Agents for STERLING TELEPHONE & ELECTRIC CO. LTD.



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"I am listening in on a crystal set with NEUTRON crystal. The result is *simply marvellous.* Morse coming in with a clearness and strength that my neighbour's 2-valve set can't beat."

Testimonial No. 779.

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It is supplied complete and ready to be attached to any good aerial. One tuning knob only; no accumulator needed.
Reception is at once assured by simplest possible adjustment. Neat, easily kept clean; takes up very small space.

Polar-Twin
Receiving Set

Price including Short Wave Tuner, Daventry Ditto, and *all accessories.* Royalty paid . . **£13 10 0**
Sold by all good class Radio Dealers.

This Illustrated Descriptive Folder free from your Dealer or from us.
Radio Communication Co., Ltd., Norfolk St., London, W.C. 2.

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NO LIMIT for Win or Place.
PLACE BETTING with no limit or stipulations.
TELEGRAMS fully paid, even if lost or wrongly transmitted.
1/3rd ODDS FOR A PLACE on ALL future events.
Apply To-day,
250, Hope Street, GLASGOW.

Shylocks to the Rescue

Farcical Newspaper Tipping—Hitting Punters Below the Belt—Coram and the Cambridgeshire—Three Good Elfs—The Handicap Certainty

A FORTNIGHT ago, when I wrote a few notes concerning the farcical side of newspaper tipping, I stated that I did not think punters were hoodwinked. If my mail-bag indicates the views of the great majority, and I believe it does, not many of them are taken in and done for.

93 Horses to Win 7 Races

One correspondent, who has made a serious study of the subject, sent me an interesting analysis of a daily newspaper's selections for August 26. Altogether, this paper's various writers tipped, or indicated, ninety-three horses to win seven races! Between them they deserved to find a few winners. As a matter of fact, eighty-one of the ninety-three horses mentioned ran and the racing advisers found under ten firsts. It is a game, isn't it?

A New Trick Exposed

That sportsmen's names, gathered from many sources, are indexed and sold to bogus bookmakers and tipsters at so much a thousand is certain. That is why I always advise readers to write to JOHN BULL about the bona fides of any bookmaker and tipster whom they do not know, but the latest wheeze I have heard of comes from moneylenders of the Shylock type who turn up when times are supposed to be bad with punters and offer loans to "help you out." The certainty about these offers is that if accepted they will help you out of the frying-pan into the fire. Leave them alone.

Coram Coming

'Gene Leigh has been good enough to tell my French correspondent that he has no fault to find with the weight of Coram—7-13—for the Cambridgeshire, and is quite hopeful that the colt will wipe out the defeat of Epinard, and, incidentally, help the stable to get over the losses they sustained when they brought Viburnum to run at Goodwood. There is no suggestion that the horse is another Epinard, but he is lightly treated considering that he is up to French classic standard over distances of a mile to ten furlongs.

Tapin Too

Tapin is also to return with an eye to the Duke of York Handicap, but I shall want to be sure the horse is at his best and cured of roguish tendencies before fancying him.

One of My Cambridgeshire Fancies

I was pleased to see B.D.A.'s name amongst the acceptors for the Cambridgeshire. This smart four-year-old has always been a favourite of mine, and he is not overburdened with 6 st. 13 lb. I coded B.D.A. when he won in a trot at Newbury. Following this, Walters' horse was struck out of the Hunt Cup, after he had been rushed to a short price, and later missed the Anniversary Cup at Sandown. I understand that B.D.A. has shown a clean bill of health all along, so it is difficult to understand the cautious policy of the stable which shelters him.

Three Good Elfs

Fairy Elf, Happy Elf and Woodland Elf are three useful performers. The first-named has won three races so far this season; Happy Elf has captured a couple, and Woodland Elf will probably break her duck next time out. Tabor's filly was heavily supported at Hurst Park when beaten into fourth place.

Solario's Trainer

In summing up the St. Leger I said I thought the race rested between Zambo and Solario, with a slight preference for the Aga Khan's champion. I wish now I had reversed the order, but it is easy to be wise after the event. In spite of the dismal downpour at Doncaster, R. Day was wreathed in smiles and he deserved every word of praise which he received; Solario looked a picture.

Reggie Day, the trainer of Solario

Tishy's famous trainer has had a wide racing experience. For many years he trained in Australia, and for a considerable period was in Germany, in charge of the Kaiser's stable. F. Winter, the Kaiser's jockey, was interned at the outbreak of war, but R. Day had better luck. He returned to England in 1913.

The Handicap Certainty

When I see an obvious certainty on the card owing to a slip on the part of the handicapper, I feel a bit dubious and have a look round for a good each-way bet. In the first place, you can never obtain fair odds about the presumed good thing, and something nearly always happens to save the face of the handicapper. Every one knew that Lawn Dance colt was a stone underweighted at Derby. As a result he was backed frenziedly to 5-4 in a field of twenty-eight unruly youngsters. No wonder the bookmakers smile. The favourite was unlucky, but unfortunately this is one of their failings. Lawn Dance colt will probably make amends next time out. In the meantime, he has been happily named and is now known as Clock Golf.

As Game as a Pebble

At York, Flint Jack, "Ossie" Bell's eight-year-old, is rapidly rivalling Dean Swift at Epsom and Victor Wild at Kempton Park. He has contested the Ebor five years in succession. In 1920 March Along pipped him by the length of a cigar. He won in '22, completed the double in '23, was sixth in '24, and ran into third place this year. The game old warrior met with a bad accident prior to last year's Cesarewitch, but he is going to have a shot at the long-distance race in October. With only 7 st 7 lbs. to carry, he is literally pitched in, but the old 'un seldom win the race. Grey Tick, in 1903, was the last aged beast to land the odds.

OUR OPTIMISTS

The bookie is a pessimist,
Although he gets a lot of grist
His face betrays a mournful twist,
He cries before he's hurt.
But the optimistic punter's
Not a grumbler or grunter,
He goes and buys a dickey
If he's lost his only shirt.

When the disappointing Manna,
That St. Leger "also ranner,"
Lost the punter many a tanner,
He just smiled at Fortune's kicks,
Then remarked, "The Autumn double
Will soon get me out of trouble."
And enquired the price of Coronach
For nineteen-twenty-six!

A Rank Outsider

Keen racegoers must have rubbed their eyes when they saw that a mystery horse named Comte de la Chimera had sneaked into the Cesarewitch between the entries and weights period with 8 st. 7 lb., and no doubt there were hurried searchings for the form of the horse. In case any one should have been misled by the widely circulated list of weights published a few days ago, I may explain that this "dark 'un" happens to be an owner and not a horse.

"SILVER RING."

MY DAILY NAPS

Wednesday	VALDORE
Thursday	ZAHRAT
Friday	RAZOR
Saturday	ARCITE

Two coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:—

Sporting Life and Sportsman, Sporting Chronicle, Sporting Pink, Western Mail, Glasgow Kens Record, Irish Independent, Sporting Man, The Sheffield Mail.

2 A M L T E C W N Z B V 3 D

F U H Y R K J P X 1 G Q S O

How to read the code: In place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below the line as the case may be.

W A T W Y K 3 M U O K would read PURPLE SHADE.

This code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from Wednesday, September 16, to Tuesday, September 22.

"Soccer"

WEEK-END COUPS

6 HOME.—Bolton, Newcastle, Preston, Exeter, Swindon, Glasgow Rangers.
5 HOME.—Newcastle, Millwall, Swindon, Rochdale, Glasgow Rangers.
4 HOME.—Bolton, Middlesbrough, Preston, Rochdale.
3 AWAY.—Huddersfield, Bristol City, Celtic.
3 DRAWS.—Liverpool v. Manchester U. Barnsley v Hull, Morton v. Motherwell.
3 HOME, 2 AWAY.—Newcastle, Rochdale, Glasgow Rangers, Bristol City, Celtic.
1 HOME, 1 AWAY, 1 DRAW.—Preston, Celtic, Birmingham v. Notts County.

FORECASTS FOR SEPTEMBER 26.

THE LEAGUE (DIVISION I.).

HOME WINNERS.—Arsenal, Aston Villa, Bury, Huddersfield, Manchester U., Sunderland.

Make your Racing pay by reading
The Sporting Life and Sportsman

Selections

AWAY WINNERS.—Cardiff City, Newcastle.
DRAWS.—Birmingham v. W. Bromwich, Leicester v. Bolton, Liverpool v Everton.

THE LEAGUE (DIVISION II.).

HOME WINNERS.—Blackpool, Chelsea, Darlington, Hull, Southampton, Stoke, Swansea, Sheffield Wednesday.
AWAY WINNER.—Derby County.
DRAWS.—Oldham v. Preston, Stockport v. South Shields.

THE LEAGUE (DIVISION III.—Northern).

HOME WINNERS.—Ashington, Bradford, Coventry, Grimsby, Nelson, New Brighton.
AWAY WINNERS.—Accrington, Doncaster Rovers.
DRAWS.—Chesterfield v. Rochdale, Walsall v. Tranmere, Wigan v. Lincoln.

THE LEAGUE (DIVISION III.—Southern).

HOME WINNERS.—Bristol City, Newport, Norwich, Plymouth.
AWAY WINNERS.—Exeter, Northampton, Queen's Park Rangers, Reading.
DRAWS.—Charlton v. Bournemouth, Crystal Palace v. Watford, Luton v. Bristol Rovers.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

HOME WINNERS.—Celtic, Dundee, Partick, St. Johnstone, St. Mirren.
AWAY WINNERS.—Glasgow Rangers, Airdrie, Hibernians.
DRAWS.—Aberdeen v. Morton, Kilmarnock v. Cowdenbeath.

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WHITE, FISHER & CO.,

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INSURE YOUR WINNINGS BY BECOMING A "WHITEFISHERITE"

7 LEAGUES 6 LISTS

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AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE.

Applicants from London & district can call or write:

70, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE LONDON.

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No Limit. Weekly A/cs.

ALWAYS AT YOUR SERVICE.

WE NEVER QUIBBLE.

J. McLauchlan

11, Duke Street, Edinburgh.

LETTERS! LETTERS! LETTERS!

Time postmarked (not in code) by advertised time of race.

Your bets of 1/–, 2/6, 5/–, 10/–, 20/– up to £10 are as desirable as larger bets.

CONCESSIONS TO BACKERS.

ALL POSTAGE PAID.

Letters answered win or lose by Return. Favourites for Singles, Doubles and Trebles.

Place Doubles and Trebles if horses named and if also backed for a win.

"Any to Come," "Up and Down" and Cross Bets even off Doubles and Trebles.

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SPECIAL CREDIT ACCOUNTS (No References Required). Send for details.

CES. & CAMBS.

See my prices daily in the "Sporting Life" and "Sporting Chronicle."

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BIG PRICES.

J. McLAUCHLAN,

11, Duke Street, EDINBURGH

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"Alfred H. Maurice has stood the test for over 25 years."

Vide Press.

2/6 weekly

all you pay for our £20 8 s. Model "Marvel"—the finest cycle ever offered on such exceptionally easy terms. Brilliantly plated; richly enamelled; lined in colours. Packed free carriage paid on 15 DAYS' FREE TRIAL. Fully warranted. Money refunded if dissatisfied. Big Bargains in factory soiled models. Accessories and tyres 33⅓ below shop prices. Write TO-DAY for testimonials and new art catalogue.

Cash £4 19s. 6d.

Marvel

CYCLE COMPANY (Dept. C 620), Birmingham.

It only costs 1/9 WEEKLY INCLUDING RECORDS

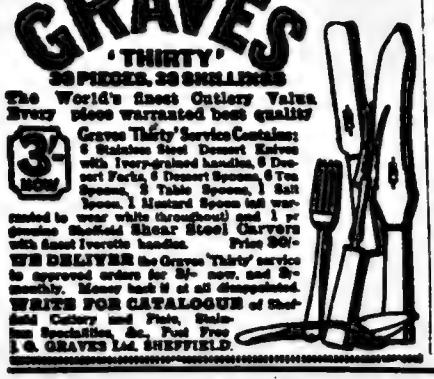
Write for FREE LISTS NOW

I offer magnificent horn and hornless models in oak or mahogany with any number of records on fourteen days' Free trial. Packed free and Carriage Paid. First instalment only secures immediate delivery. Write for free lists. Money refunded if dissatisfied. Thousands of Testimonials.

Chas. T. Robey THE WORLD'S PIONEER HOUSE OF COVENTRY

Meltis CHOCOLATE CREAMY FRUITS

2d. each.



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'THIRTY'

30 PIECES, 30 SHILLINGS

The World's finest Cutlery Value. Every piece warranted best quality

Graves Thirty' Service Contains: 6 Stainless Steel Dessert Knives with Ivory-grained handles, 6 Dessert Forks, 6 Dessert Spoons, 6 Tea Spoons, 2 Table Spoons, 1 Salt Spoon, 1 Mustard Spoon (all warranted to wear white throughout) and 1 pr genuine Sheffield Shear Steel Carvers with finest Ivorette handles. Price 30/-

WE DELIVER the Graves 'Thirty' service to approved orders for 5/- now, and 5/- monthly. Money back if not all disappointed.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE of Sheffield Cutlery and Plate, Stainless Specialities, &c., Post Free

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

THE CAPTAIN

I offer the most up-to-date models obtainable at the finest cut cash prices, or on Easiest Possible Terms. My Two Big Free Catalogues will show you how to secure a World-famed "Captain" Cycle on 14 Days' Free Trial. Tyres! Accessories! et c., in vast numbers—quality unequalled—prices strikingly low. "Catalogue, please" on a post card, and the FREE WONDERFUL BOOK will be sent without the slightest obligation on your part.

H. FITZPATRICK

52, Captain Works, PUTNEY.

2/6 WEEKLY

Wonderful Hair Grower

Amazing Hair Growth on Bald Heads After Using Kotalko, the Genuine Hair-Grower. Not a Medicine. Rub on the Scalp where New Hair is desired.

Miss Mary Little, from a photo.

Was Quite Bald.

Gorton.

What Kotalko has done for me is nothing short of wonderful. Four years ago I lost all my hair.

My head was bare and shiny, just like the back of my hand. I had been under a hair specialist, and a doctor, but all in vain.

One day, on seeing your advertisement, I decided to try Kotalko, and I am simply delighted that I did so, for I now have a head of beautiful, curly, silk-like hair, which is admired by everyone. Kotalko has certainly proved itself a true hair-grower.—Yours gratefully, Mary Little.

Milk-White Baldness.

Nr. Farnham (Surrey).

My friends have watched the gradual change in my head from its state of milk-white baldness to its present wonderful thickness of hair. The growth did not start immediately; in fact, I had used nearly two tins before the first signs of renewed growth were to be seen. This was a great joy and almost a surprise to me, as I was beginning to wonder if the roots were dead. I used to apply Kotalko every day to the scalp until the hair grew all over my head in its natural brown colour and thick and curly as the photograph shows.

Mrs. N. O'Neill, from a photo.

The new growth of hair is the talk of my neighbours and friends. My grateful appreciation for your good advice, and wishing you every success to Kotalko.—Yours truly (Mrs.) Nellie O'Neill.

A multitude of others, men and women, have used the remarkable compound—Kotalko—with astonishing and delightful benefit in removing scurf, stopping the falling out of hair, and in developing a new growth. This has been done in many cases where the baldness existed for years, and when many other hair tonics, lotions, medicinal treatments, etc., had been unsuccessfully tried.

100,000 TESTING BOXES

KOTALKO TRUE HAIR GROWER

Send or Copy this COUPON

Please send me, post paid, Testing Box of KOTALKO with directions, for which I enclose 3d. in stamps.

NAME .....

ADDRESS.....

.....53 G.M.....

KOTALKO has components of genuine bear fat (oil), juice of the rare pilocarpus plant, and other potent ingredients from the three Kingdoms of Nature, in accord with the recipe of the original compound, and modern improvements thereon. Mr. Brittain, who was bald, got a completely new hair growth. Later he secured the formula, and has since put Kotalko on sale.

A distribution of 100,000 testing boxes is now being made to those who apply—only one box to one person—either sex. To obtain a box it will only be necessary to send threepence in stamps to the address below.

JOHN HART BRITTAIN, Ltd., 2, Percy St. (53 G.M.) LONDON, W.1.

John Bull Replies

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are handled by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

CONFRONTED with unexpected difficulty, there is often only one course to take for the best. This to the lay mind is not always obvious. Expert advice has to be sought.

It is then that our Free Advice Service can be tested; it will not be found wanting.

Send particulars and stamped addressed envelope and we will willingly help you on any matter whatever.

T. Y. (Bruton).—"The stage doesn't exactly recruit angels!" All the same it can boast of wings.

P. C. (Carlisle).—"I want to be happy." Yes, yes! There's an organ playing that in our street now.

A. L. (Canterbury).—"Travel broadens the mind." Then there are some people who should never stop.

L. S. (Portadown).—"She never got her temper from me." Because it's so evident you still have it.

N. N. (Waltham).—"I generally write letters on wet days." And yet your letters are extraordinarily dry.

Mrs. H. (New Barnet).—"Are you interested in woman's dress?" Madam, we have no time for trifles.

B. D. (Northallerton).—"I claim to be a self-made man." Why didn't you get a better pattern to work from?

C. C. (Taplow).—"I swim a quarter of a mile every morning before breakfast." That should wet your appetite.

F. L. (Ashford).—"Men spend far too much on women's rings." Economy is undoubtedly needed on every hand.

G. N. C. (Paddington).—"Give a politician an inch of power and he'll take an ell." Yes. An ell of a time to do anything.

P. H. (Enfield).—"Those are smart answers in the 'Straight from the Shoulder' column." They are meant to smart.

"FEMINA" (Padbury).—"What *would* the average helpless married man do if he hadn't his wife?" Marry again, most likely.

E. M. (Plymouth).—"Why do the Fascists wear black shirts?" Goodness knows. Unless it's the high laundry charges.

SUSAN (Camberwell).—"Every time I attend a dance I write an account in my diary." Making a lot of footnotes, so to speak.

"NEW BOARDER" (Morecambe).—"I was served with filleted sole one half of which was bad." Then you had two fillets and one smelt.

"SEASON-TICKET" (Chislehurst).—"Southern Railway trains need not be so notoriously unpunctual." Not if run on the right lines.

ESMERALDA (St. Albans).—"I've been in service a week and don't know how to get on with the mistress." Swallow your pride and try treating her as an equal.

W. W. (Ilchester).—"What he said when he hit his thumb no one could repeat!" We have no doubt that *he* would have repeated it, if he had repeated hitting his thumb.

"POOR CURATE" (Kentish Town).—"My stipend is so small that it has become necessary for me to write for a living." Have you tried writing to the Bishop for one?

H. M. V. (Iver).—"My doctor says that men would enjoy better health if they would learn to walk on their toes." Many a man finds it hard to put his foot down at all.

G. N. (Leeds).—"A friend of mine who is not a Scot got married in a kilt." Most bridegrooms do not care to draw attention to the fact that their knees are knocking together.

G. M. (Glasgow).—"What's up with you people in London?" Rates, rents and roads.

F. H. (Blythe).—"I am going away for six months." Poor fellow. Didn't they give you the option?

P. N. (Chislehurst).—"I'll put my whole argument in a nutshell." Even then there's plenty of room.

B. E. (Perth).—"If you don't print this poem I want it back." It should have reached you by now.

P. D. (Shoreditch).—"My girl and I agree about the greatest thing in her life." You both think she's pretty?

H. L. (Hull).—"With care and economy, money can in time be made in the theatre." Yes, in the long run.

Mrs. W. (Liverpool).—"My husband's a fool who has horses on the brain." So that's why he married a nag.

ANNIE (Windsor).—"I am now looking for a man with a big Roman nose." Such a nose will never turn up.

T. B. (Shrewsbury).—"He is willing to work but seldom lasts in a job more than a week." Then he's tired with enthusiasm.

F. P. (Wanstead).—"It's wonderful what a fellow can see when he's in love." And still more wonderful what he can't.

B. T. (Glossop).—"Life is a powder and love is the jam." And the devil of a jam, too, judging by the divorce courts.

S. E. (Lincoln).—"I hadn't been shooting ten minutes when twelve partridges lay dead at my feet." What had they died of?

Mrs. G. (Hammersmith).—"A man in America found he had a legal wife in two States." We'll wager he was in a great state.

G. T. (Elthorne).—"Selfishness runs away with a lot of money." If there were more check on self there would be less cheques on "Self."

"REASONABLE" (Wye).—"Some people lose their heads over the drink question." But the reunion next morning is the most painful time.

S. F. C. (Chatham).—"It really won't be long now before we are all thinking about our Christmas gifts." As for that, it's the present season already.

L. D. P. (Settle).—"A man can't be punished for what he doesn't do." Can't he? Try not shutting the gate when you're escaping from a mad bull.

H. J. (Mayfair).—"The latest idea is for mothers and their small daughters to dress exactly alike." One advantage is that they can wear each other's clothes and nobody will be any the wiser.

A Wise Watchman

"WATCHMAN! What of the night—
And the stormy winds that blow?"
"Thanks, sir, I'm all right—
I've got '*The Passing Show*.'

"The clock's hands soon slip round—
Soon dawns another day.
'*The Passing Show*,' I've found,
Just speeds the hours away.

"For by the brazier's glow
I read it through the night:
Thanks to '*The Passing Show*,'
I'm always fresh and bright!"

S. L. (Austwick).—"I have been very badly run down." Over work or under motor?

O. L. (Cookham).—"I'm learning to play golf." You've got very helpful initials.

D. V. (Lowestoft).—"My girl is a perfect riddle to me." Perhaps she wants you to give her up.

H. J. (Brighton).—"Fate has always held the cards against me." But a good deal depends on yourself.

JOHN J. (Roehampton).—"The first time she saw me she smiled." Obviously too polite to laugh outright.

B. K. (Petersfield).—"It pays an antique-dealer to be frank and truthful." Particularly if he calls a Spode a Spode.

B. W. (Northampton).—"I once hooked a broken jug while angling." Lots of people go about fishing for mugs.

CYNTHIA (Richmond).—"I and my boy tell each other all we know." You must find the long silences very boring.

B. T. (Wigan).—"I can't keep my mind on my work." Come, come! You ought to be able to manage a little thing like that.

D. N. (Whitchurch).—"Even a money-lender is not without some virtues." And every pawnbroker has his redeeming qualities.

"PROUD PARENT" (Ely).—"My daughter, aged five, is a little dear." And will, no doubt, become a little dearer every year.

T. T. (Hook).—"I've been out with him five times and he's never paid for anything yet." Perhaps there's a treat in store for you.

N. G. (Harlesden).—"My son has talent as a writer, but his stories are sombre and gloomy." He'll probably be a weather forecaster.

P. T. T. (Lochdale).—"You'll notice that this letter has a beautiful perfume." The postman used a shorter, more expressive word.

J. T. J. (Sowden).—"I should like to work as an office boy." It's a novel idea, but it's probably against the rules of their union.

P. N. (Croydon).—"Why are articles in the basements of some shops cheaper than those upstairs?" Ah, that's another storey.

JACK (Scarboro).—"I'm considered engaged to three or four girls in this hotel." Gee! Cupid must have aimed at you with a shot gun.

N. J. (Ray).—"Our cat has a very long tail." We trust that no house-agent has been swinging the animal to demonstrate the size of a room.

J. D. (Sutton-in-Ashfield).—"Mr. Ford will soon have cornered all the wealth in the world." Well, there's one bit of "tin" he hasn't collared—the £250 you can win in *Bullets* this week.

D. G. Y. (Kingston).—"If I had to criticise most present-day poetry, I should call it mere gas." And no doubt you'd find fault with the metre.

"TORY" (Hereford).—"Believe me, the Government has its eyes open." And will, we hope, soon wake up to the fact that it is walking in its sleep.

PHIL M. (Woolwich).—"I was told on the cards that I should some day become a big man." Go in for long walks, avoid sweets, and hope for the best.

F. M. (Salisbury).—"In these days I can no longer even afford a leg of mutton for my Sunday dinner." The times are indeed out of joint with you.

B. L. (Purley).—"They kicked the football through my window so I stuck a knife through it." This was ventilating your grievance with a vengeance!

LAURA (Brasted).—"I know a man who says he can extract my teeth without pain." It would be nicer if he could extract the pain and leave you the teeth.

M. T. (Faversham).—"My next-door neighbour is always cadging for pots of our home-made jam." Tell him it's time he poached on some one else's preserves.

P. L. G. (St. Albans).—"The sun was so fierce that my garden seat felt quite hot when I sat on it." You must have been pleased to find a touch of summer still lingering behind.

T. Y. (Marlow).—"Post Office clerks sometimes have difficult problems to solve." In all fairness, we must admit that we have seen them knit their brows as well as their jumpers.

G. H. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—"Only on sunny days am I inspired to write poetry." It's a well-known astronomical fact that without sunshine there wouldn't be any moonshine.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

"Keep fit on Cocoa"

BOURNVILLE

WRITE
CADBURY, BOURNVILLE,
ABOUT
GIFT SCHEME

SEE THE NAME "Cadbury" ON EVERY PIECE OF CHOCOLATE

GRAVES

BARGAIN BEDDING SALE

10/ NOW

World's Finest Value. 1 pr All-Wool Blankets; 1 pr White Fleecy Blankets; 1 pr Unbleached Twill Sheets; 2 White Pillow Cases; 1 White Bolster Case; 1 Alhambra Quilt; 1 Lovely Wadded Quilt. All double bed size. 84 : 10 : 0

Terms to approved customers—24/- now, balance 12/- monthly. Catalogue Post Free.

J. G. GRAVES LA SHEFFIELD

1/6 Weekly

is all you pay for a Hornless Gramophone or 2/6 weekly buys a superbly made No. 300A Mead with richly coloured horn, solid oak case, large steel motor, & unusually loud Sound Reproducer. Sent (with 40 loose) carriage paid on 10 DAYS' TRIAL. Cabinet Models and Table Grands at very low prices. Write for lists.

Nº 300 37/6 CASH TO RECORD BUYERS

Mead

Co. (Dept. G. 9), Birmingham.

A perusal of page 4 may save YOU money and time.

The World's Greatest Restorative for

Weak Children

Baby Palmer.

"I gave her half a tablet twice a day, and now she is the picture of health."

Mrs. Harry Palmer, 4, Lonsdale Street, St. Peter's Road, Leicester, writes: "My little daughter Margaret was such a delicate child the neighbours told me I should lose her. I tried everything I could think of, without satisfactory results, and then I began to give her Dr. Cassell's Tablets. Now Margaret is the picture of health. She can eat well; her weight is double what it was, and I am proud of her. I have told all my friends, and they acknowledge that Dr. Cassell's Tablets have saved her."

The Universal Home Remedy for

Nervous Breakdown · Neuritis · Indigestion · Sleeplessness
Children's Weakness · Anæmia · Wasting · Neurasthenia
Kidney Weakness · Headache · Palpitation · Nerve Pains

Specially Valuable for Nursing Mothers and During the Critical Periods of Life.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Home Price, 1/3 Family Size, 3/-
Sold only in sealed packages at all Chemists and Stores.
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

WIN £20

Do you like to Draw?

Copy this Sketch and send us your Drawing. The Competition is being held to advertise the British and Dominions School of Drawing, and is **OPEN TO EVERYBODY WHO LIKES TO TRY.**

The only persons not allowed to compete are those who have had Sketches purchased by a newspaper or advertiser.

The Competition is confined strictly to Amateurs.

PRIZES:

1st Prize - £20
2nd Prize - £10
3rd Prize - £5
4th Prize - £3
5th Prize - £2
6th Prize - £1
7th to 20th Prizes 10/- each

BEGIN NOW!

Copy this Sketch in pencil or pen and ink. See how well you can do it. Sit down and try. First of all read the Rules of the Competition. You can draw on any paper. Prizes will be awarded to the best drawings.

All drawings will be returned to the competitors at the close of the competition.

DON'T MISS THIS! SOMEONE WILL WIN THE £20. WHY NOT YOU? Send in your sketch to-day.

Rules of the Competition

1.—Anyone is eligible to compete except employees of the British and Dominions School of Drawing and Professional Artists.
2.—All sketches must be received by 30th September, 1925.
3.—Only one sketch may be submitted by each competitor.
4.—The bottom left-hand corner of the envelope should be marked plainly—"Competition."
5.—Competitor's full name and address must be written on the back of the drawing, with County.
6.—Sketches must not be drawn on paper larger than 8 in. high by 6 in. wide.
7.—All sketches will be returned to competitors at the close of the competition, together with a list of the prizewinners. The British and Dominions School of Drawing cannot be held responsible for any sketch which may go astray in the post.
8.—Sketches must be accompanied by a *crossed* postal order, value 1/6 (one shilling and sixpence), in return for which each competitor will receive an illustrated lesson from the course of instruction issued by the British and Dominions School of Drawing, which will be sent with the results of the competition. Please do not send stamps or coins.
9.—Sketch and postal order MUST BE SENT IN THE SAME ENVELOPE. Competitors are particularly requested NOT to send their sketch in one envelope and postal order under separate cover.
10.—Sketches received insufficiently stamped will not be accepted. All packages should be sealed and bear letter rate of postage (2 oz. for 1½d.).
11.—Competitors agree to accept the decision of the Artists of the British and Dominions School of Drawing as final and conclusive.
12.—The British and Dominions School of Drawing reserves the right to purchase any sketch submitted. Any sketches purchased will be paid for at the rate of £1,1/- (one guinea) for each sketch.

The British & Dominions School of Drawing,
88 Greycoat House,
Greycoat Place,
London, S.W.1.

THE LUXURY RUBBER "SILKIFIT"

FIGURE REDUCING AND PRESERVING

ADJUSTABLE CORSET

SENT UPON RECEIPT OF

1/- DEPOSIT

All lady readers should take this unique opportunity of obtaining this very latest model of the Luxury Rubber "Silkifit" (adjustable) Figure Reducing and Preserving Corset.

SIMPLY SEND US 1/- DEPOSIT

with your hip and waist measurement, and we will forward you under plain wrapper this luxury Corset, which is being worn by leaders of Society and fashion.

Try it on in the privacy of your own home.

Note the extraordinary comfort and support and the slim, lissom outline it imparts to your figure. If you are stout and full-figured, see how your superfluous flesh is moulded into shapely proportions—permanently too! For as the figure reduces you are enabled to adjust the Corset immediately by means of the patent lacing (as illustrated) to your figure requirements.

Regain the slim figure of Girlhood Days the "Silkifit" way.

A Lady writes the following of "Silkifit" Corsets.

"Never did I imagine that a Corset would make such a drastic alteration in my figure, which I must admit was stout and dowdy. 'Silkifit' Corsets are a boon to my sex, so amazingly comfortable, supple and supporting, and they make one 'figure fit'; above all, they are so hygienic and they exert no harmful pressure anywhere."

What "Silkifit" Corsets are to this lady you may rest assured that they will be to you.

"Silkifit" Reducing Corsets are made of Pure Hygienic Para Rubber covered with rich natural Pink Tricot, faced with Broche, and Silk stitched. Cannot tear or split. Fitted complete with two pairs of hose-suspenders and "Silkifit" Patent Lacing, as illustrated. The very finest quality, finish and workmanship throughout.

OUR GENEROUS OFFER

If you are satisfied with your own personal examination and fitting of the "Silkifit" Corset, send us a further 2/6 and the balance in monthly instalments of 4/- until 27/6 is paid. If you prefer to pay cash, the price is 25/-, or within 24 hours of receipt. Sizes over 48 in. hips 3/6 extra. Money refunded in full if dissatisfied, and the Corset is returned within 24 hours of receipt. Send now, but don't forget your hip and waist measurement.

James MARTIN & Sons

(Dept. 136)

82, ST. THOMAS'S STREET, LONDON, S.E.1

GLEANING GOLD

Spreading the Benefits of Your Harvest

THIS is the season of Harvest Home, when throughout the country, in nearly every place of public worship, thanks will be given for the fruits of the earth and the blessings vouchsafed to humanity by a beneficent Providence.

As things are at present, there are many thousands who cannot help feeling that such festivals of thanksgiving appeal but little to them. They are the people who have no crops to garner, who may be excused if they feel they have little for which to feel thankful.

The character of a man who possesses land or crops, or any other regular means of sustenance, may be judged largely by his attitude in the disposal of his wealth, and his consideration for those who are less fortunate.

In the old days, the gleaners were welcomed in the fields, and some, like Boaz, the farmer in the Scriptural idyll, even allowed the poor to glean among the sheaves.

Everyone who has a settled income, whether it be derived from the land or from a commercial enterprise, even if it be merely a salary derived from an industrial occupation, should feel something of the same responsibility towards those who are less fortunately situated.

OUT of your plenty you may give a little, and thus best express your gratitude.

Out of your earnings you can surely spare a little for the gleaners in life, the poor souls who have missed the mark, who, through no fault of their own, are dependent upon your charity.

One penny a week means 4s 4d. a year. You would not miss such a trifling contribution, but if every reader of JOHN BULL, with its magnificent circulation now approaching the million, were to set aside just a penny a week, the "Greatest of These—" Fund would be assured of a settled income which would enable it to relieve many who are in despair and fainting for lack of food.

Let us collect for the gleaners. Put aside a small sum, even if it is only a penny a week, so that we may no longer have to refuse those who appeal to us in their last extremity.

The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Mrs. K. M. Bennett, 6d.; F. G. Steanes, 2s.; Mrs. A. Peach, 1s.; W. Taylor, 4d.; A. P. N., 2s.; Scabenger, 1s.; J. N. S. M., 1s. 1d.; Grateful Heart, 2s.; M. L. (N. Lambeth), 5s.; S. J. P. (Murton), 1s. 6d.; Ever Grateful Lucy, 2s. 6d.; "Letter," M.P.'s Ninth, 7d.; E. McNab, 5s.; Target Winner, 2s.; Tobias, 9d.; F. Burn, 2s. 7d.; R. B., 1s.; W. H. Jones, 1s.; E. H., 5s. 6d.; A. B., 6d.; Mr. and Mrs. M., 5s.; "In Memory of Arthur," 4s.; H. E., 6d.; "Up Exe," 2s.; "Geordy Aberdonian," 2s.; E. Purkiss, 1s.; Winner, Chichester, 1s.; S. E. (Norwich), 1s.; Anon., 6d.; A. M. (Bristol), 1s.; "Threepence Weekly, W.F.," 1s.; Widnes, 1s.; H. A., 6d.; G. A. Ockford, 5s.; C. W. Hester, 1s.; C. Webb, 6d.; E. Long, 3s. 6d.; M. B., 6d.; Nancy Jane, 1s.; Anon, 6d.; In Sympathy, 6d.; Homeless, 6d.; H. C. Fleming, 1s.; A. E. Beadey, 4s.; A. E. Buckley, 5s.; I. M. Stewart, 6d.; F. J. Fleck, 1s.; A Tooting Nurse, 3s. 5d.; M. Donaldson, 1s.; Every Little Helps, 2s. 6d.; "In Memory of Darling Joan," 2s. 6d.; F. Jones, 2s.; Mrs. Case, 2s. 6d.; V. Ingarsells, 1s.; T. Carpenter, 1s. 1d.; A. Wardlaw, 6d.; Every Little Helps, 3s. 6d.; Mrs. E. Brooker, 1s.; C. Hart, 2s.; G. & C. (Lincoln), £1; Crosshouse, 2s.; "Silver Ring," 1s.; Clara Driver, 6d.; L. Freestone, 7s.; Mrs. R. Dixon, 2s.; "Kia-Ora," 10s.; R. D. Holland, 10s.; Anon., 6d.; Miss Betty Shaw, parcel; "B.A. London," parcel; Mrs. P. Kennett, parcel; Old Soldier, parcel; L. T. Ed., parcel

(any acknowledgments unavoidably held over)

Secrets of the Turf

Sceptre's Three-legged Race.

"IT was the day of the Two Thousand Guineas, and Sceptre, that 'mass of horseflesh perfection,' was led into the paddock. There she burst into a profuse sweat, and I was compelled to saddle her outside.

"The present Lady Hamilton of Dalzell witnessed the work when I had to girth the filly up, and when I finished I told her that Sceptre would win the Guineas.

"And she *did* win, with consummate ease, in the then record time of 1 min. 39 secs. Forty-eight hours later she won the One Thousand Guineas and again created a time record for the fillies' race.

"As she was being led out on this occasion I discovered that she had twisted a plate a good couple of inches, the end of it protruding on the offside of her near fore. The blacksmith was not to be found, so I laid hold of the protruding plate and tore it partly off. I gave another wrench—and Sceptre ran in the race with no plate on the off-fore-leg, which *must* have made some difference to her balance!"

Revelations like the foregoing make "Bob" Sievier's Secrets of the Turf intensely interesting to all lovers of horse-racing, and in addition he has some remarkable stories to tell of Society and Bohemia which will enthral and intrigue every one.

His memoirs are appearing exclusively each Sunday in *The People*.

For years the public has been waiting on the true story of the life of "Bob" Sievier. Now that the opportunity is here, do not let it pass!

Our Crossword Corner

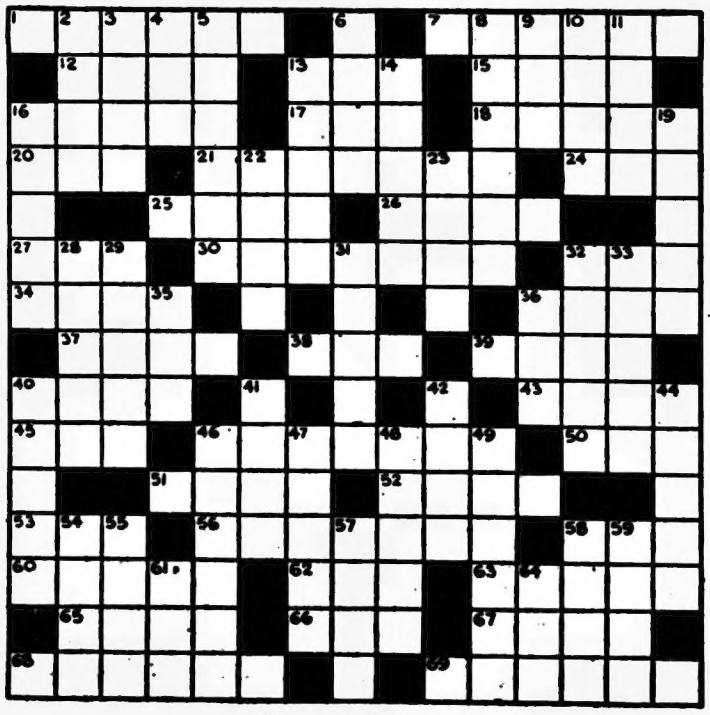
For Amusement Only!

AMUSEMENT can be placed in various categories. Different people find it in several ways. What is amusement to some would be almost purgatory to others.

Some find their amusement in strenuous exercise; others, especially those who toil with their hands and brains for their daily bread, require entertainment that is less exacting.

For the latter, the solving of our Cross word Puzzle provides just the amusement and entertainment that they require. Without calling for strained effort and sustained training, there is just that mental exercise called for that is really beneficial.

Try to solve this week's Puzzle and you will agree with us. Do not send in your solution to JOHN BULL, but amuse yourself by seeing if you can find out the successful words.



CLUES

ACROSS.

1. A thread.
7. Sea maps.
12. Carried on the body.
13. Baby's clothes' protector.
15. Turning point.
16. Kind of lace.
17. Everything.
18. A token.
20. Single item.
21. Kind of boot.
24. Before.
25. Wither.
26. Trunk.
27. To carry off.
30 Esteem.
32. Powerful embrace.
34. Trampled.
36. Girl's name.
37. Responsibility.
38. Liable.
39. Magistrate.
40. Self-content.
43. To measure.
45. Possessive.
46. Kind of fruit.
50. Salt water.
51. Singly.
52. Prevalent insect.
53. To overspread.
56. Not taking sides.
58. To copy.
60. Cast.
62. Born.
63. Small.
65. Blackthorn fruit.
66. Northern river.
67. Above.
68. Rhythmical expression of thought.
69. A country.

DOWN.

2. One of two alike.
3. Character.
4. Part of verb "to be."
5. Lower.
6. Brick-baking oven.
8. Prince of Denmark.
9. Chopper.
10. Be carried.
11. One-time Russian ruler.
13. Kiddies.
14. Bored.
16. Set of type.
19. A ridge.
22. Crude metals.
23. Irritate.
28. Odour.
29. Excess of usual interest.
31. Writing material.
32. Perdition.
33. Bring together.
35. Excavated.
36. Preserved fruit.
40. Ledge of rock.
41. Symbol of obstinacy.
42. Indian coin.
44. Earnest.
46. Kind of eel.
47. Circular.
48. Concur.
49. Melted animal fat.
54. In addition to.
55. Heap.
57. To be full.
58. Old.
59. French for "father."
61. Negative.
64. The day before.

MIST DONOR WEST
UNTO E I ACHE
SCENTED MONSOON
THE EMULATE NET
PIE SON WHO
FRET TRY OMIT
O DE FIT E DUTY R
I RAIN MESS II
S SANE F WEPT A
TAUT OAK URAL
LEG PIN ERA
PAIL OPERATE DAD
ABANDON POLLUTE
LENO N N ICON
STAR DANCE DEMY

Solution to the Cross-words No. 32, which appeared in our issue of Sept. 5.

CHOP TUBBY CAST
LATER POE HALMA
ARID BOHEA RATI
DECAY NET HASTE
S LOW M BITTER
V D NATIVES MER
IDES DRAIN DIAL
COCKADE PALETTE
AHOY INNER WREN
R Y ENDURED E O
M EGG M SOB M
SALVO MEN NAVAL
TREE HERON KALE
INANE RAN DELTA
RENT MELEE DEAR

Solution to the Cross-word Puzzle which appeared in our issue of Sept. 12.

Another Fine Cross-word Puzzle in "The People" on Sunday

ANOTHER £1,500!

HAVEN'T you often looked at that tempting £250 which normally heads the *Bullets* prize-list, and envied the competitor whose effort had won so large a sum? How much more then will you envy the reader who carries off the huge First Prize of £1,500 which is being offered next week!

Just imagine, if you can, how you would feel if it were *your* name and address and *your Bullet* in that proud position as the £1,500 winner. Millionaires may tell us of the burden of riches, but who would not welcome a "load" like this—a sum sufficient to meet all needs for the future, yet not enough to give one the worries of a Rockefeller.

Well, do not wait until the result of this big contest is announced and content yourself with idle envy of the £1,500 prize-winner. Grasp this wonderful opportunity yourself next week and others may soon be envying you instead.

To a Small Prize-winner.

"I have been competing in *Bullets* for several months," writes "W. H. C.," of West Bromwich, "but I have only won a 5s. prize, 2s. 6d. and a few 'Targets.' Do you think it is worth my while to continue entering?"

The best answer to "W. H. C.," who has evidently gained some knowledge of how to win, is the fact that almost every week competitors with no better record than his own are waking up one morning to find themselves big prize-winners.

Success often comes when least expected—particularly in a competition depending solely on merit. Though for some time a competitor may fail to rise above the small prize standard, a really original and clever idea may suddenly come his way, and land him into the "Big Five" the very next week.

Parodies that Pay.

Fashions change in *Bullets*, and a popular one at the moment seems to be that of parodying some popular phrase or saying and applying it to an *Example*.

A clever "parody" *Bullet* was the recent £250 effort—ARMY OF UNEMPLOYED—"*Injustice* OF THE PEACE," and another in the same prize-list was the ingenious—ON COMMISSION—"LESS THAN THE *Dustman*." These won because they parodied phrases familiar to all without far-fetched wording, and yet produced telling *Bullets*.

If attempting this type yourself, see that by introducing a parodied phrase you do not sacrifice what is all-important—the meaning of the *Bullet*.

Success in "Bullets."

"How did you make up your £500 *Bullet*?" was a question one of our recent winners was asked. "I don't really know," was his reply. "It just seemed to grow."

When you tackle those *Examples* in the adjoining column, you will find that the *Bullets*, as the £500 winner put it, "just seem to grow." But if you want to win, remember that the *Bullet* which grows so easily may often be pruned to advantage. The few minutes this takes may make all the difference between a single "plum" of 5s. and a £250 crop.

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 577.

WORLD WITHOUT WOMEN
OUR RIGHT
PRIDE OF PEACE
SHOWED HE LOVED HER
THE REDS
THANKS TO NATURE
SENSELESS
RUN THE MILLION
WAR TO AVOID
WHAT THE OFFICE-BOY SAID
HER FACE
WORKING OVERTIME
MADE THE FLAPPER
SMILE
WHAT BOOK WANTS
SOMETHING WRONG
HEARD ON THE ROAD
SAID TO MOTHER
BANKRUPT
SURVIVING THE MATCHES
WHAT IS LOVE?

These Examples can be made use of on the Coupons on this page, and must reach us on or before THURSDAY, OCTOBER 8. All Coupons so used MUST be marked clearly with the number 577 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. 577, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (C exp.). Such Coupons must not contain any of the Examples for Competition No. 576.

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" No. 576.

IN OUR LAND
SPARRING PARTNER
SHOWED HE WASN'T MARRIED
FIRST INSTALMENT
WHEN HE PROPOSED
WITH PLEASURE
NICE TO HAVE
SPOILING THE GAME
WHEN PLAYING
WITHOUT CHILDREN
OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS
LOVE OR MONEY
SEEN BUT NOT HEARD
FOOLISH HUSBAND
CLASS BARRIERS
PRICE OF FOLLY
UGLY RUSH
WHAT THE REFEREE SAID
DOWNWARD PATH
BIG MONEY
HEARD IN WHITEHALL
ARTFULLY
ONLY NATURAL
NEXT BEST
WHAT THE BOSS ASKED
SOCIETY LION
POLICEMAN'S NOTEBOOK
HELPING MOTHER
FIRST PLACE
IN OFFICE HOURS
HER MASCOT
WHAT IS FOOTBALL?

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality.
2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed ——— and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.
3. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.
4. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
5. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press are not eligible to compete.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.

Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the First Three "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 576 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

Choose any of the Examples printed; then give any **Two, Three or Four Words**, having some bearing on the Example chosen, each of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you:—

Example:—THE UNEMPLOYED — Bullet:—"REST"—BUT NO "CURE."
Example:—BUSY MAN — Bullet:—FORGETS NATURE'S BUSY TOO.
Example:—MY HOLIDAY — Bullet:—"FINE"—OR "IMPRISONMENT."

SEND POSTAL ORDER AT THE RATE OF 6d. FOR EACH COUPON USED.

Address Coupons to:—"Bullets" No. 576, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

PLEASE POST EARLY IF YOU CAN

You can help us by posting early, but all "Bullets" entered in time receive the same careful adjudication.

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, September 24.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(576) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, September 24.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(576) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, September 24.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(576) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, September 24.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(576) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

☞ If you desire to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper

The original cheque for £250 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" Competition No. 573 can now be seen in the window of Miss Sugden, Mill House, Dorcas Street, Stockton-on-Tees.

☞ Result of "Bullets" Competition No. 574 will appear next week.

SIMPSONS' REMARKABLE OFFER.

ANY ARTICLE HERE SENT for 6D.

REAL LEATHER HANDBAG

Very fashionable, highly polished. Real Leather throughout. Cross-fitte Handles, complete with mirror, comb, bottle and writing tablet with pencil. Latest West End design. Just the thing for the holidays. Can be carried with any coloured dress. Finest quality and workmanship throughout. Sent for 6d. deposit only. 2/6 on receipt, and 2/- per month until £1/- only is paid.

SOLID GOLD Filled Lady's WRIST WATCH

6

DEPOSIT

Choice of Dial, Jewelled movement, Silvered finish. Perfect timekeeper. Fifty guaranteed for 5 years. We send this lovely Wrist Watch upon receipt of 6d. After receipt and 2/- taken, the balance may then be paid by 7 monthly instalments of 2/- each until 16/- only is paid. Cash with order (or balance within 7 days), price 15/6 only.

18 ct. GOLD FINISHED FULL HUNTER LEVER WATCH

Highest quality lever movement. Finest dials and materials throughout. Latest improvements (6 gold models, clear visible dial, pen steel hands beveled crystal glass. An accurate timekeeper, made to stand hard wear. Warranted 5 years. Send upon receipt of 6d. only. If satisfied, the balance, payable 2/- on receipt and 6/- monthly until only 27/6 is paid. Cash with order 25/- only.

FURS REAL ANIMAL SKINS

This exquisitely handsome real animal Skin dyed in any of the following fashionable shades: Black, Silver Marten, Pale Sable Brown, Grey-Brown, or Black to your choice. Warranted skins of exceptional quality and rich colour throughout, beautifully and distinctively made in latest pattern and fashionable style of great depth and richness for Full length and width. Each fur handsomely lined.

We send this handsome skin, post paid upon receipt of 6d. only. After receiving the skin, if satisfied, the balance is payable 2/- on receipt, and 4/- monthly until 25/6 is paid. Post cash with order (or balance within 7 days). 25/6 only.

Cash returned if dissatisfied, and skin is returned within 7 days.

HEADPHONES

Latest Standard Model. General Enthusiasm. super-sensitive and highly efficient. Diaphragm of highly expensive Cobalt steel. Diaphragms triple tested. Accurately designed sound chamber gives natural tone. Beautifully constructable, highly finished, weight 7 ounces.

Fully guaranteed. Sent on receipt of 6d. deposit. If satisfied, you send 2/6 more on receipt, balance 5/- monthly until only £1/- is paid. Price full cash with order (or within 7 days) £1.

OUR REMARKABLE BARGAIN TERMS.

So sure are we that You WIL be More Than Satisfied, that we send any of the above articles upon receipt of 6d. deposit. You send small sum on receipt, and monthly instalments according to the article chosen. Cash willingly returned if not absolutely satisfied and article is returned within 7 days.

SIMPSONS (Brighton) Ltd. (DEPT. 1577), 94, Queen's Road, BRIGHTON, SUSSEX.

YEAST IS LIFE!

Irving's Yeast-Vite Tablets.

A Lightning Pick-me-up.

The greatest medical discovery of the century! Pure Yeast and Vitamins—no harmful drugs. The gentle fermentation of the Yeast when in contact with the gastric juices of the stomach causes a stimulating, buoyant feeling of extreme vigour. Take a tablet or two and feel fresh and frisky in a few minutes.

IRVING'S **YEAST-VITE** TABLETS will relieve Headache, Neuralgia, etc.,
in 5 minutes.
Indigestion, Flatulence,
in 5 to 10 minutes.
Biliousness, Dizziness, Depression,
in 10 to 15 minutes.
Disordered Stomach, Liver, etc.,
in 10 to 20 minutes.
Influenza Colds, Fever, in 24 hours.

OUR GUARANTEE.—Obtain a 1/3 box from your Chemist. If your health does not improve perceptibly post us the empty box and we will refund your money immediately.

CAUTION.—Avoid rank imitations which have no therapeutic value and are unstamped. Genuine Irving's "Yeast-Vite" tablets are always sealed with Government stamp.

IRVING'S YEAST-VITE LABORATORIES, "Cecil House" Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C. 1.

The only Raincoat in the World

CARRYING THIS WONDERFUL GUARANTEE

Outer Cubedene Texture

Detachable Fleecy Lining

Checked Rubber Interlining

"Cubedene" Trench O'coats are a special invention of Curzon Bros., the famous London Tailors and Outfitters, who alone sell these genuine coats. They are made by a special process of proofing by the most experienced workers, which enables Curzon Bros., with the utmost safety, to sell them under their guarantee of wide-reaching terms.

COAT FREE FOR THE ASKING. Every genuine "Cubedene" Trench O'Coat is guaranteed to keep out every drop of rain, snow and dampness, throughout its lifetime.

OUR GUARANTEE. In the event of any coat failing to keep you dry (and warm) through any fault of its manufacture whatsoever, we will supply you with a new coat absolutely free of charge. This guarantee is not bound by a time limit, but is for the lifetime. With this guarantee you can rely upon every

For MEN

'CEBEDENE'

The world renowned "Cubedene" Raincoat combining a mackintosh that cannot let in water with a warm winter overcoat. Navy or Fawn. All sizes from 34-inch to 46-inch chest measure. One price only.

What it is made of.

The outer "Cubedene" texture is strong, reliable, and smart. Supplied in Navy or Fawn. It is backed by checked rubber interlining of very good substance. All seams are doubly sewn and covered, particularly the shoulder seams, which are specially reinforced for greater strength. Detachable wool fleecy lining neatly fixed with buttons, joins smooth inside the coat. It has a deep storm collar (as illustrated), smart all round belt, cuff straps and two deep pockets. Its whole construction is designed for strength, durability and soundness. This is why "Cubedene" coats are so good.

25/6

Postage 1/- extra.

Why it serves two ways.

"Cubedene" Trench O'Coats are used all the year round. In the summer as a raincoat, with fleecy lining detached, and in the autumn and winter as a rainproof overcoat, with wool lining fixed in place. The uses of a good coat, such as a "Cubedene," will be obvious to every economical man. It equips you for both wet and cold weather. In a few seconds your coat can be a tempest-proof raincoat to keep you dry, or a snug winter coat to keep you both warm and dry:—just the thing for travellers, motorists, outdoor workers, and all sportsmen. Obtainable from any of our Branches, or 25/6 by post, plus 1/- extra. When ordering state height and give chest measurement over waistcoat.

Used as a Top Coat.

For Boys and Youths

Made same as for men.

Boys and growing youths need a reliable rain and warm coat as much as their parents. These fine "Cubedene" coats are built in exactly the same way as men's. Particular attention is paid to their construction and to ensure that each seam is leak-proof. Fully guaranteed as mentioned above. Genuine "Cubedene" are supplied in sizes from 27 inches to 45 inches long (to fit boys and youths from 5 to 16 years of age), in Navy Blue or Fawn. You need not fear your lad getting wet in a "Cubedene." When ordering, state colour and height and chest measurement taken over waistcoat.

21/6

Postage 1/- extra.

POST YOUR ORDER—NOW

If unable to call at any of the under-mentioned Branches send cash, and get your coat within 48 hours. Satisfaction, or money back.

WEST END: 56, Southampton Row; 112, New Oxford Street; 110/11 and 691, Strand.

CITY: 35-37, New Bridge Street, Ludgate Circus; 70 and 72, City Road; 103, Finsbury Pavement; 103, Old Street; 19, Aldgate High Street, next to Aldgate Station; 191, Moorgate Street; 272, Bishopsgate; 76, Aldersgate Street; 24, Liverpool Street; 16, The Arcade, Liverpool Street; Framlingham Street, Station Buildings (Metropolitan Railway).

WINCHESTER: Hartleid Road (opposite Railway Station).

KINGSTON-ON-THAMES: 27, Market Place.

SUTTON: 320, High Street.

RICHMOND AND TWICKENHAM: 354, Richmond Road (near Richmond Bridge).

FOREST GATE: 30, Woodgrange Road.

HOUNSLOW. — 73, King's Parade, Church End.

HAMPSTEAD.—15, Rosslyn Road, N.W. 1.

WOOLWICH: 45, Hare Street

BRIXTON: Clarence House, Brixton.

CROYDON: 2, Union Road.

DEPTFORD: 273, High Road.

CHARD: 72 and 73, High Street.

CHATHAM: 13 and 14, Military Road.

KINGSTON-ON-THAMES: 66, Eden Street.

SOUTHEND-ON-SEA: 85, and 86, High Street.

WOOLWICH.—66 to 68, 117, Hanover Court Road.

Free nothing to Pay—

Here is a special offer for your Autumn suit. We have just purchased large stocks of fine Worsted, Scotch and Yorkshire Tweeds and Indigo Blue Serge suitings at very advantageous rates, which will provide you with a smart made-to-measure suit in the latest fashionable styles. Two or three-button coat and best trimmings at the very reasonable price of 6 gns. Before you order, just see our wonderful patterns. We will send, absolutely free and post paid, a big bunch of patterns, including a range of good suitings from 63/- upwards, for you to choose from, together with easy self-measurement form and 1925-6 Style Book in colours for a postcard. We guarantee perfect fit and complete satisfaction. Send us once a postcard will be sufficient. Nothing to pay. 63/- complete suit.

63/-

ALL POST ORDERS TO BE SENT TO HEAD OFFICE:

CURZON BROS. Ltd.

35-37, NEW BRIDGE ST., LUDGATE CIRCUS, LONDON, E.C.4

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